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Time for a New John Wilkes

ON the eve of a very long parliamentary recess, the Government has issued a directive curtailing freedom of speech on the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. Radio and television discussion of any topic is now forbidden for a fortnight before it is debated in Parliament; and it is illegal for M.P.s to broadcast on any subject of legislation during the whole period between the introduction of a Bill and the day it receives the Royal Assent.

This outrageous Order in Council is justified on two grounds. It is argued, first, that radio and television debate might improperly prejudge an issue, and subject Members to undue outside pressure when they cast their votes; and secondly that, since many of the stars of political radio and television are unorthodox Members of Parliament, full freedom of debate would give them an undue advantage over their loyal colleagues.

It is worth noting that both these arguments apply equally strongly to press controversy. If a discussion between Sir Robert Boothby, Mr. Michael Foot, Mr. W. J. Brown, and Mr. A. J. P. Taylor on "In The News" threatens parliamentary privilege, and must therefore be forbidden, what reason can there be for still permitting each of them to air his views in a newspaper? None at all—except the fact that, whereas freedom of the press was established long ago by John Wilkes against the oligarchs who dominated eighteenth century parliaments, the new freedoms of the air and of the screen are still being opposed by our party oligarchs. Unless this directive is withdrawn, there is no logical reason why it should not be extended to the press.

Ever since spontaneous political controversy was launched by the B.B.C. during the war, the leaders of the political parties have tried, by backstairs intrigue, to stifle it. They would like to select safe party spokesmen for these discussion programmes, as they already do for the official party political broadcasts. Officially this pressure has been resisted. But, in fact, whenever one party—or, to be precise, Mr. Morrison or Lord Woolton—has informally objected to a particular speaker, the B.B.C. has given way, and with each surrender the pressure has increased. Most serious of all, the B.B.C. accepted, during the war, a "gentleman's agreement" along the lines of the present directive. Since then, in peacetime, the agreement has been even more rigidly enforced, and now there is hardly a political topic on which a discussion can be planned without the risk of cancellation because of a forthcoming debate. In these columns, we have frequently protested against such gagging. But the B.B.C. is an independent Corporation with exclusive control of its programme arrangements; and, in freely consenting to it, the Governors were acting strictly within the terms of the Charter.

The substitution, however, of an Order for a "gentleman's agreement" has transformed the situation. It is one thing for weak and cowardly men to agree to limit their freedom. It is quite another for a Government to forbid freedom by Order in Council. We have no doubt that Sir Ian Jacob was well aware of this difference when he repudiated the gentleman's agreement and forced the Government out into the open. Now the British public knows that it is Government policy—supported, alas! by Mr. Attlee—to deny to radio and television the freedom of debate which the press traditionally and rightly enjoys.

Even more remarkable, while purporting to defend the Member of Parliament's freedom of action, the Government now forbids him to express his views on radio or television during the months when legislation is before the House. If he disapproves of a Bill, he can organise the most powerful lobby, he can launch a gigantic press campaign, he can even stage a mass demonstration in Trafalgar Square. But he is forbidden to say the same things before the microphone or the television camera. It looks as though we need another John Wilkes and another *North Britain* to bring our ageing party oligarchs to their senses.

The News in Review

At Home

THE T.U.C. General Council is to seek an amendment to Rule Nine, which limits its power to intervene in inter-union disputes. At the moment, the Congress rules limit such intervention to disputes which have caused hardship or unemployment to members of other affiliated unions, not directly concerned in the dispute. But Congress this autumn will be asked to permit the General Council in future to take the initiative in calling together the parties to a dispute in time to prevent hardship for workers not involved. This change may seem modest, but it would, in fact, allow the General Council to act much more quickly in such instances as the recent printing, railway and dock strikes, and it seems unlikely that this year's Congress will object to the proposed amendment. The Congress, indeed, may be anxious to help the General Council strengthen its position. Though Sir Walter Monckton, at last week's National Joint Advisory Council, refrained from endorsing any of the changes in trade union legislation that he rehearsed in his chairman's address, trade union leaders must feel some anxiety about current discussions of secret ballots, "cooling-off" periods before a strike, and similar devices for limiting stoppages by statute. There is, at present, an agreement between employers and the unions on the N.J.A.C. that they will make no proposals involving legislation. And if voluntary arrangements are to be made to regulate strike procedure, it is obviously desirable for the unions to give the General Council more room in which to manœuvre.

FACED with steadily declining manpower in the pits, the National Coal Board has decided, it seems, to try to persuade the N.U.M. once again to endorse the recruitment of foreign miners. The Board's suggestion, it is reported, is that up to 12,000 workers should be imported from Italy, Austria and other parts of the Continent. Mr. Sam Watson, secretary of the Durham area of the N.U.M., has expressed cautious approval of the project: the question, he said last week-end, is one which the N.U.M. would have to "consider." The experience, however, of the attempt which the Board made on similar lines in 1952 is not encouraging. Of the 2,000 Italians then imported, about 800 were absorbed permanently into the industry, mostly in the West Midlands area, but 400 have drifted away from the pits, and 1,000 had to be sent back to Italy because the lodges could not persuade the British miners to work alongside foreigners. This is not purely a question of racial prejudice, nor even of language difficulties; the miners, particularly in Yorkshire, are convinced that if the manpower problem is eased by the recruitment of foreigners, the N.U.M. will never secure wage rates high enough to attract, and retain, extra British labour.

THE Clean Air Bill, whose text was published just before Parliament rose, proceeds towards an admirable objective with extreme caution. Following broadly the recommendations of the Beaver Report, it proposes to establish "smoke control areas" in which the pollution of the atmosphere will be an offence; and financial assistance, partly from the Exchequer and partly from local authorities, will be forthcoming to facilitate the replacement or adaptation of domestic stoves which emit smoke. There seem, however, to be a number of loopholes and opportunities for delay. For instance, illegal smoke must be "dark," and for a period of at least eight years it will be a sufficient defence to plead, in the case of industry, that it was not "practicable" to alter offending plant. Admittedly there is a case for some flexibility in Orders aimed at smoke abatement; but it is to be hoped that Parliament, when the measure is debated, will see whether the provisions cannot be tightened up against selfish obstructors of clean air.

NUMEROUS picturesque charities, like the relief of fifteenth-century Englishmen sold into slavery by Barbary pirates and the preaching of a Dutch sermon to the Norwich Huguenots, are shortly to divert their dormant moneys into socially useful channels. The White Paper on Charitable Trusts, published last week, adopts the main recommendations of the Nathan Committee, which urged in 1952 that the *cy pres* doctrine should be so relaxed that the purposes of a trust could be changed without waiting until they had become literally impossible to carry out. We are now to have a Government Bill to allow alteration in the terms of any trust whose purposes have become obsolete, though special regard will still be paid to a founder's intentions as to classes of persons and particular districts. There are also to be "common good trusts," for the administration of groups of funds that are no longer *cy pres* to anything. But the Government will not authorise trustees to pursue, on their own authority, a more adventurous investment policy than hitherto: for the most part they will remain limited to fixed income stock, despite its reduction in value by inflation and the cheap money policy of recent years. About £16,000,000 is still to lie dormant in bank balances representing the relief of victims of floods, earthquakes, and famines long forgotten, but this is the fault of the Government rather than of the Nathan Committee, whose terms of reference inexplicably excluded it.

Overseas

THE Sino-American talks at Geneva were given a good start by Peking's release of the U.S. airmen, and the prospects seem favourable for a wider agreement on repatriation. These *ad hoc* negotiations are a step towards easier and more realistic relations between the two Powers; but, to judge from Mr. Dulles's press conference on Tuesday, the gulf between them on the main issues remains very great. It is true that the Secretary of State used more conciliatory phrases than in the past, and implied that more negotiations might follow if "China has permanently discarded the pistol." Yet he insisted that even if Peking made the formal renunciation of force that he is demanding, it could not expect the early reunion with the mainland of Quemoy and Matsu, let alone Formosa. China, he said, would "have time." If this is the American position—but Mr. Dulles has more than once been ordered to retreat by General Eisenhower—it is difficult to see at what point more far-reaching talks could start. Whatever tactical concessions China may make, it will not surrender its claim that Formosa is an integral part of the Chinese Republic, nor can Chou En-lai admit that the disposition of Formosa is within the gift of Mr. Dulles. The Chinese Premier, however, has spoken more amicably in his last speech, and has made a cryptic allusion to "negotiations with the local authorities in Formosa."

Certainly, the Administration is not planning to make any "package deal" with China. Though it is gradually worming its way out of the dead-end into which China policy had run in recent years, the President must still reckon with Republican opinion: on Tuesday, Senator Knowland staged another of his outbursts against "deals" that betray "loyal allies." This sounded, however, more like a despairing stand by the rear-guard of the China Lobby than the voice of an America which, as Mr. Lerner reports on another page, is ready to follow the President quite a long way if his destination seems to be peace.

THIS week's general strike in Cyprus was a test of strength between Archbishop Makarios and the Communist leaders. While the Communists advised peaceful demonstrations, the Archbishop ordered a stay-at-home as a protest against the new crop of emergency regulations. The Archbishop was strictly obeyed until the late evening, when the Right-wing Nationalists staged a riot. With the Cypriot Greeks solidly behind the Ethnarchy, and the Archbishop exerting a powerful influence in Athens, it looks as though the tripartite talks between Britain, Greece and Turkey will fail before they start on the 29th of this month. A year ago, a British proposal to hold such talks might have dispelled extremism on the island. But now Mr. Eden's tardy concession is regarded as a proof that terrorism pays. Moreover, by fixing the date after the latest day on which Cyprus could be placed on the United Nation's agenda, Mr. Macmillan seemed to be trying to out-manoeuvre the Cypriot Greeks. If it was his purpose, the manoeuvre has failed. The Greek Government is to place Cyprus on the agenda, and the Archbishop has turned down the British plan for triple condominium before Mr. Macmillan had time officially to announce that the British Government endorsed it.

THE Governor of Singapore's interim reply to the Legislative Assembly's Resolution asking for a more liberal interpretation of the constitution and immediate self-government is in the true tradition of colonial anodynes. More than this is necessary in the substantive reply which the Governor has promised to give to the Assembly on August 18, after his resumed talks with Mr. Lennox-Boyd. For developments in Malaya are moving at a rapid pace, and there can be a lot of trouble if the Government fails to produce equally rapidly a policy which matches the urgency of the new political atmosphere both in Singapore and in the Federation. It would be no solution, as Mr. Lee Kuan Yew of the People's Action Party pointed out, if—and this is again in the colonial tradition—the Government, faced by deadlock, suspended the constitution. What would not only solve this present crisis but also help Britain's future relationship with Singapore and the Federation, would be a clear declaration of self-government on a specific date. Mr. David Marshall, congratulating Tungku Abdul Rahman on the victory of the Triple Alliance in the Federation last week, said "I look forward to marching with you on the road to a glorious future of early self-government and independence." He added that he and his Ministers would meet the

Executive Council of the Federation on August 22 to explore the possibilities of a permanent organisation for common action. Though there are obvious differences between the problems of Singapore and the Federation, the two men have much in common; both have received an overwhelming majority of the electorate's votes; both suspect that the present constitution—in the words of Mr. Marshall—is "a sham and a cul-de-sac, and not a bridge to self-government"; both are committed to finding some way of ending the present "emergency," and both are pledged to self-government. This is an explosive situation in Malaya. The next step should be to invite Mr. Marshall and Tungku Abdul Rahman to discuss a possible time-schedule for orderly transition to self-government.

THOSE who hoped that the Israeli elections would stabilise the political situation have been disappointed. The two big parties, Mapai and the General Zionists, both suffered unexpected reverses. Despite some Activist speeches by Ben Gurion, Mapai conceded votes both to the Nennish Mapam, and to the new "Bevanite" party, Avdut Avoda, which is headed by Ygel Alon, the young victor of the Negev campaign. The defeat of the General Zionists was catastrophic: they lost roughly half their votes, mainly to the near-Fascist Cheruth, which is led by Begin, one-time boss of the Irgun Zwei Leumi terrorists. Although Cheruth undoubtedly gained votes by its demagogic appeal to the small shopkeepers, there is no doubt what this result means in terms of foreign policy. The Activism propagated by the extreme Right and Left has been greatly strengthened at the expense of the moderation represented by Mr. Sharett. This will make it a great deal more difficult to build a stable coalition. If, as seems certain, they are determined to eschew Cheruth, the Mapai leaders will have to rely on the small orthodox parties and the "Bevanites." The price the former will exhort is still further concessions to Talmudic intolerance. As for the latter, their pressure will be for the kind of aggressive nationalist policy which Mr. Sharett has so strenuously and successfully opposed.

THE resignation of Mr. Harold Talbott, the U.S. Secretary for Air, has been accepted without much fuss. Though it follows his admission before the Senate Investigations Committee that he had continued a profitable association with one of his own firms, and had solicited business for it from his office in the Pentagon, both the Democrats and Republicans seem to have been oddly reluctant to press the inquiry too hard. Yet more seems to lie behind the Talbott case than the Wilson affair—and seems likely now to lie uninvestigated. Mr. Talbott, who does not deny he promoted his firm's interests, but insists that he did nothing "improper," has been in charge of one of the biggest and least scrutinised spending programmes in U.S. Defence history. A thorough inquiry into Air contracts would be revealing and perhaps embarrassing to many prominent people. That is why the case has been closed so promptly: the trail might lead far beyond Mr. Talbott's private affairs. Mr. Talbott, incidentally, has been under fire before. His Dayton Wright Airplane Company was criticised in Charles Evans Hughes's "flying coffin" investigations after 1918. The former Chief Justice's comments on Talbott and his associates at that time have the same force today: he noted, "the absence of proper appreciation of the obvious impropriety of transactions by Government officials and agents of firms or corporations in which they are interested."

News from Our Own Correspondents

Singapore

Vote Against Colonialism

Our Correspondent in South-east Asia writes: In the Federation, as in Singapore, the people voted against colonialism. That is what the result of the first general elections means. A vote for an United Malay candidate, even if Chinese (and there were 15 successful Chinese U.M.N.O. candidates) was still a vote for *Merdeka*—freedom. On this point the Malays, who formed 84 per cent. of the voters, and the Chinese (11 per cent.), and the Indians (less than five per cent.) were unanimous. It was not only through better organisation that the Triple Alliance of the United Malays, the Malayan Chinese Association, and the Malayan Indian Congress, won 51 of the 52 seats.

If Tungku Abdul Rahman, leader of the Alliance, has his own way, Malaya will progress rapidly but quietly towards the self-government which he demands within two years. But the Tungku's mandate came almost entirely from the Malays—and half the population are Chinese. Because they could not hope to beat U.M.N.O. in the elections, the Malayan Chinese Association wisely joined with U.M.N.O. to fight for self-government. Controversial matters were set aside, to be solved when the Alliance came into power. Then an independent commission would be established—headed, probably, by an Indian from India—to compose the very real differences which exist between Malays and Chinese.

What if the commission were to urge (a) equal political rights for all Chinese born in Malaya, and (b) one common nationality to replace the 10 different nationalities at present in force? My guess is that even Tungku Abdul Rahman might find it difficult to persuade the Malays, in their present mood, to make these concessions. What if the commission agreed that the national language must be Malay? Would the Chinese accept this? They might, but at present I think it most unlikely that the Malays would agree on any reform which would give the Chinese more votes than the Malays.

There is another consideration. The M.C.A. is a rich man's party. Their strong man, tiny Colonel H. S. Lee—the man behind the scenes—has large tin mining and other commercial interests. Sir Cheng-lock Tan, president of M.C.A., has rubber, tin, banking and shipping concerns. The Tungku tells me that he has no intention of changing the current economic system (which will please his rich Chinese and British friends), although he would like to do something to help the workers, particularly the poorly paid Malays.

This, then, will be a Government without Opposition, except from the underground Malayan Communist Party. Rahman himself is willing personally to negotiate with the M.C.P. leaders to bring about peace, but Security remains in the hands of the British, and I doubt very much whether the Tungku, if he did decide to force the matter, would get much support from the M.C.A. bosses, or indeed from the Malays—for the M.C.P. is mostly a Chinese organisation. But one thing is certain. With such a huge majority, the Alliance plans to rule.

NEXT WEEK

In the first of a series of articles on

THE ATOMIC CHALLENGE

Professor Joseph Rotblat discusses

RADIOLOGICAL HAZARDS

ALSO

Frieda Lawrence writes on memories of

D. H. LAWRENCE

Paris

Towards a Decision in Morocco?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Despite Geneva, ionispheric satellites and Bobet's third consecutive victory in the Tour de France, public attention in France remains centred on North Africa. On Saturday afternoon, Algerian labourers rioted in Paris, holding the police at bay for over two hours. The incident, it is said, was sparked off by a routine police arrest; but it seems probable that it was not unconnected with the fact that only a few hours before the Assembly had voted to prolong the State of Urgency in Algeria for a further six months. M. Faure got his vote without any great difficulty—he was not even obliged to make a personal statement—but the general atmosphere in the Chamber was gloomy. Only two days before, 24 Legionaries had been killed in the Aurès, in what was clearly the largest and most successful military operation yet staged by the terrorists: many of the speakers in the debate admitted that, despite reinforcements and the Government's wide emergency powers, no military solution was in sight; and there was a growing feeling that a re-appraisal of France's whole relationship with Algeria will sooner or later be necessary. Characteristic of this new attitude was a much-applauded speech by M. Pineau (Socialist)—who can scarcely be described as a Left-wing firebrand—in which he advocated the immediate dissolution of the corrupt Algerian Assembly, a suggestion which would have been regarded as revolutionary three months ago.

More important than the debate, however, was the private meeting, held on Thursday, between the Government and Right-wing deputies, to discuss the Moroccan situation. M. Grandval's handling of the Casablanca riots, his expulsion of Dr. Causse, their principal organiser, his purge of the Casablanca police, and his repeated statements that the dynastic question is central to the Moroccan problem have enraged the North African lobby; and some of the Deputies presented M. Faure with the blunt request for Grandval's head. The majority, however, were more circumspect and simply demanded a formal guarantee that the Government would take no decisive action whilst the Assembly is on vacation. M. Faure might well have found it impossible to refuse this; but he was saved by the spirited intervention of M. Pinay.

M. Grandval has now consulted all the Moroccan leaders and his report is due in Paris this week. Despite official denials, it is widely thought that he will suggest the abdication of the present Sultan and the creation of a Council of Regency, possibly presided over by Si Bekkai, the ex-Pasha of Sefrou, who is beginning to emerge as the key "neutral" figure. M. Grandval's chances of getting both the Istiqlal and El Glaoui to agree to such a compromise seem slender; but they will be substantially increased if, at the same time, he succeeds in persuading the Government to abandon the principle of direct administration and negotiate with the new Council a treaty of internal autonomy on the lines of the Franco-Tunisian Agreement.

Hanging and Public Opinion

"I go further," said Major Lloyd George in the House of Commons when he was questioned about the Ruth Ellis case, "and say that I see no alteration in public opinion since that time"—*i.e.*, since the debate last February on the Report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment. He may merely have been venturing further than his brief, but there can be no reason why he should stand in any greater need of briefing than his permanent officials as to the state of public opinion. Evidence enough of a recent change of feeling, not perhaps overwhelming but deeply significant, is to be found in various public opinion polls, in letters to Members of Parliament and to the press, and in newspaper editorials; indeed, a study of the traditionally conservative provincial papers on the Ruth Ellis case and its implications shows a strong and quite unexpected revulsion against the death penalty itself. And now this week the Howard League for Penal Reform publishes an impressive memorial signed by 150 of this country's most distinguished citizens, calling for the abolition of the death penalty.

Would the Home Secretary call that "public opinion?" Or does he mean the sensation-hunters who have always flocked to the prison gates at 9 a.m. on execution days? Does he mean that people still write to the newspapers and, under the impression that they have scriptural sanction, demand "an eye for an eye"? Does he accept, in any event, the principle *vox populi, vox dei?* If so, is he waiting for complete unanimity, or would he regard any section of public opinion as more considered and significant than another? If the latter, let him talk individually to all the members of the Gowers Commission. They are in a position to know more about this problem than most of us, but were precluded by their absurd terms of reference from saying whether the death penalty should be retained or not. This alone might furnish him with a great surprise; but it is in any event an open secret that there are many prison governors and assistant-governors, many chief constables and many members even of his own permanent staff who are sick of the whole disgusting and pagan ritual.

It is the steady development of informed opinion that should change the law. Desirable reforms have often to be achieved in the face of opposition by mass "opinion." If they had always waited upon public opinion, we might still be burning people for going to the wrong church, stoning people for adultery, flogging people for begging: certainly we should still have corporal punishment for offences of violence and for any kind of crime with sex in it. Could the appropriate treatment of mental disease, for example, be decided according to plebiscite?

The case of Ruth Ellis is one among several that have lately shocked even the consciences of those who still hold that hanging must be retained for "the few." She herself seems to have had remarkable strength of character. The Bishop of Stepney, who visited her at Holloway Prison, says that only a day before her execution she was expressing concern about "the trouble she was causing," and the effect of it all on the prison atmosphere. The present condemned cell at Holloway, it may be noted, is within the hearing of girls serving "Corrective Training" sentences. Could one find a better example of our present confusion between reform and vengeance?

Let us be clear that there is no merit in the argument that, because the Ellis case presented no features that were new in Home Office files, "the law" must take its course. The exercise of the prerogative is not limited by law; functioning as a kind of equity, it should be more elastic, less bound by precedent, than the law. And since Mrs. Ellis was known to have had a miscarriage ten days before her crime, there was at least the possibility that her mind at that time was as unbalanced as (for example) the mind of any mother entitled to the clemency of the Infanticide Act. Nor is it useless, or even unfair, to challenge Home Secretaries as these cases arise. Despite the rigidity of precedent and the dead hand of "previous papers," the individual records of Home Secretaries can be shown to have varied in a most remarkable way. Mr. Lloyd George, in the Ruth Ellis case, had an opportunity to begin at long last the process by which the death penalty has been abrogated in less savage countries, although there is nothing in the tradition or atmosphere of the Home Office to encourage such a step.

Every statement made, every letter published, in support of the death penalty at these recurring moments of unhealthy interest shows that the unanswerable case for abolition has been thrust aside without examination of its arguments, without asking why, if hanging is a necessary deterrent, murder is not less common here than in countries where it has been abolished.

Even if people are too indifferent, or too frightened, to ascertain what the arguments against hanging are, the words of John Bright are known, in the light of subsequent comparisons, to be true—and they should be enough: "A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder; and is, in fact, the great security of human life. The law of capital punishment, whilst pretending to support this reverence, does in fact tend to destroy it."

America and the New Friendliness

There were two American comments on Geneva that deserve to be rescued from the frailty of mortality. One was in a despatch by Cyrus Sulzberger of the *New York Times*, who described Geneva as "a peace conference after a war that never took place." The other was the remark Secretary Dulles made as he stepped off the plane at Washington, "Well, we never gave much away." Dulles was expressing—or perhaps trying to assuage—the peculiar American fear that every international conference is a conspiracy to strip American statesmen of their diplomatic trousers. It is the fear, in the American phrase, of being "taken for a sucker." Yet the striking fact is that American opinion in the Geneva instance has not been as negative and niggardly as the Dulles remark might imply. It has been, on the whole, generous and hopeful, if also somewhat dazed at the swiftness with which the cold war climate has been thawing and the New Friendliness taking its place. If Geneva was a peace conference after a war that never took place, it had also to make sure that one never will take place.

Americans ask each other about Geneva, "Was it a success?"—a little like the routine question about a surgical operation. I suppose the only answer is that we shall not really know until we see whether the patient dies. The patient in this case happens to be the world, and if he dies it will be by the intolerable scourge of the H-bomb. It is the H-bomb that was the Fifth Power sitting at the Geneva conference table; it prodded the measure of agreement that was reached, and—far more than any fancied Russian economic "collapse" or the collegial character of the new Russian governing force—it was what evoked the New Friendliness. The Americans know, as the Russians do, that the human race cannot evacuate the planet. They know that H-bomb war would be intolerable. But to say it is intolerable does not say it is impossible. (It was the failure to make this distinction that was the flaw in Churchill's valedictory speech on the H-bomb). The intolerable can happen unless it is nailed down. The function of Geneva was to nail it down. At least it began the task, and most Americans feel now that a major atomic war is a good deal less likely. It gives them a breathing-spell, and almost everyone with whom I have talked shows that he enjoys the feeling of breathing more freely.

One must ask how strongly based this confidence is. Curiously it seems to rest less on any substantive results of the conference than on the fact that Eisenhower and Zhukov talked together "like two old soldiers." At his first press conference after his return, the President talked at length about Zhukov, stressing what Zhukov had told him about the collegial relations of Russia's rulers and the way they reach their committee-decisions. Charles Bohlen, the American Ambassador at Moscow, is reported to feel that the lack of a dictator and the wary need of Russia's rulers to reach common decisions is the key to the New Friendliness. President Eisenhower seems to have adopted this view, and has embraced his old friend General Zhukov as a Virgil to guide him through the circles of the Damned.

Americans notoriously like to personalise international politics, largely because dealing with people comes more easily and naturally to them than dealing with ideas or abstractions. They feel that every problem must somehow yield to the personal approach. They have been puzzled by the elusiveness of the recent social changes and power shifts in the Soviet Union, and now they have the Zhukov-Eisenhower *entente* as a clue to their Peace of Mind and an illustration of the Power of Positive Thinking. Even the New York *Daily News*, which thrives on turning Soviet leaders into adjectival devils and is not loath to call Bulganin a scoundrel and Krushchev a "lush," has nothing evil to say about Zhukov. It is one of those lucky quirks of historic chance that the top Russian and American commanders in the German campaign should have liked each other, and that the American should now be President, at the top of his power. It is a frail reed for peace, but history often rests on such.

It is hard to convey to anyone outside the United States the exact quality and pitch of the euphoria that has settled over American opinion. The summer dogdays are here, with a heat unparalleled in any previous July. Millions swelter in the cities, but more people than ever are relaxing in vacation areas. There are babies, cars, and TV sets in profusion everywhere. Incomes are higher than ever and people are living beyond them. Prosperity and Peace are the slogans. The stockmarket boom continues, fortunes are being made by silent accretion, and even the news of peace at Geneva disheartened Wall Street for only a few days—until the timid bethought themselves that the arms programme is likely to outlast disarmament scares. There is a sense of con-

fidence in America that my own memory fails to match, even in the halcyon boom days of the 1920s. The gloom and malaise of the first three months of the year, during the inept handling of the Formosa crisis, have been dispelled. When the President turned to Bulganin at Geneva, and said that the U.S. would never launch a war attack, it was more than rhetoric and more than an expression of his own deeply felt passion for peace. Behind it was the fact that America is today at the summit of its wealth and well-being, and it would be folly to imperil both.

For the first time since he came to the White House the President has asserted a quality of international leadership that has caught the American imagination—not only of his own party but of the Democrats as well and every shade of liberal opinion. The despatches of James Reston to the N.Y. *Times* had happily a touch of wryness about them, but any critical note was flagrantly absent in the other papers I have seen and on the radio and TV. Partly no doubt the whole Republican press is eager to join in the Eisenhower build-up because he is the indispensable Republican Man of the Decade, the only Republican who can outweigh the normal Democratic majority and win in next year's elections.

But this is not the whole story. Eisenhower went to Geneva at the top of his confidence. In his speech of departure he broke wholly with the niggardly and negative utterances of Dulles, and he seemed to have become what Roosevelt was all along—his own Secretary of State. Gone was the Eisenhower who had served as foil and "straight man" to Dulles on the TV show that followed the Secretary's return from his German Treaty labours abroad. Almost overnight the President succeeded in altering the world's picture of America, and he is now reaching simple men and women everywhere with the new image of an America that wants peace.

This is largely because he is himself a warm, direct, and uncomplicated man. He spoke at Geneva with simple, if vague and blurred, affirmations. To everyone's astonishment he carried off the somewhat surrealist episode of offering to exchange arms and blueprints with the Russians and to have the planes of each country fly over the armed installations of the other. He addressed himself to the Russians as if only they and the Americans counted, with the confidence that if the block was broken between these two, the remaining blocks would be broken for all. His sentences (as in his Washington press conferences) were tortuous, and his syntax was an invitation to despair. But he did manage to dominate the news that came out of Geneva, and to come back from a conference without concrete results as if he were a returning hero. I must confess that we have witnessed nothing quite like it in recent American history. Nor do I think it is all done with the public-relation mirrors of the Madison Avenue boys who have taken the President in hand. Just as he broke the Dulles mould so he broke the public relations mould.

The irony of it is that Eisenhower and Dulles, who are now reaping the harvest of the New Friendliness, have had to be pushed into it. Only grudgingly did they finally accept the idea of a Geneva meeting, after Senator Walter George and the Democrats had forced it on them. It is as if, in Tawney's great image of the European rulers after the French Revolution, "they walked reluctantly backward into the future, lest a worse thing should befall them."

Even now, with all their show of greater flexibility, they are recalcitrant on almost every big issue. From my own perspective there are three great flaws in Administration foreign policy. One is Eisenhower's insistence on putting the question of a re-armed and unified Germany ahead of everything else. The second is the failure to talk of disarmament or arms reduction as the first and biggest item on the agenda, and to make the question of inspection and control not one of "mutual photography" (as someone here has called the Eisenhower proposal) but of realistic U.N. machinery. The third is the reluctance to say openly that Dulles will have direct talks with Chou En-lai on the Formosa issue and the whole problem of bringing China into the world community. Again it is Senator George and the Democrats who are having to needle the President and Dulles on this issue.

Their reluctance may be due to their wariness about reactionary opinion, and their desire to move slowly lest they get burned. The story is that when Eisenhower arrived at the Washington airport he stepped off the plane and spoke into a microphone in pelting rain, bareheaded; Vice-President Nixon, in charge of the arrangements, had decreed that there were to be no umbrellas; he was worried lest someone remember Neville Chamberlain and his Munich umbrella. Yet one of the striking facts about American opinion today is the thorough defeat of the Republican Right-Wing on the issue of negotiating with the Russians.

There is a tendency among liberals to explain this by a paradox—that only a conservative Republican regime can with impunity take steps that would otherwise have been called "appeasement." If Adlai Stevenson were President and had made a proposal like Eisenhower's involving Russian planes over American atomic installations, he would have been impeached, if not lynched. There is some truth in the epigram that only a Republican President will dare to go to Moscow or receive Bulganin and Krushchev and Zhukov in Washington.

Yet the more spacious truth is that the felt desires and pressures of world opinion, including the American people and the Russian people, have created the Geneva Conference and made it possible for American and Soviet leaders to enter the New Friendliness. One of the facts of life, not often discussed in the Republican press, is that even Eisenhower—with all his popularity—would be licked next year unless he came to the election campaign with the old Wilsonian boast, "I kept you out of war."

New York. MAX LERNER

"I've told you twice, they're not 'fellow-travellers' now, they're 'Intourists'"

London Diary

THERE was a fine old 18th-century touch about Sir Robert Boothby's letter in the *Daily Telegraph* attacking the Postmaster-General's ban on free radio discussion. Someone, it seemed, would get a sock on the jaw if Sir Robert was told not to discuss public issues on the wireless a fortnight before the Parliamentary debate, or at any other time. He has a strong ally in Mr. Aiden Crawley, who is Editor-in-Chief of Independent TV News. I presume that Sir Kenneth Clark will also act as a second in case of a duel. In all seriousness, the right way of dealing with this preposterous nonsense is for commercial TV deliberately to violate the ban. If Sir Robert defied this ban—could he be unseated for breach of privilege?—I'm sure the electors of East Aberdeen would rally to his cause as valiantly as those who voted John Wilkes back to Parliament three times on end.

* * *

If life now rarely imitates art, at least it is increasingly imitating science-fiction. For what else is "Operation Basketball"? No doubt the scientists will get value for the large sums of money they are going to spend on launching small satellites to circle the earth in ninety minutes. What fascinates me, however, is the calm way in which everyone just assumes that this is the first step to the planets, if not yet to the stars. Perhaps it is. The Soviet reply to the American proposals suggests that we may really be at the beginning of that international regime which some of us, years ago, used playfully to foretell, in which earthly rivalries would be subordinated to a common interest in fighting Martians or colonising the moon. But, without going so far as that, it seems likely that satellites will make war even more "unthinkable" than ever. For the small unmanned satellites could be followed by atomic missiles, perpetually circling the globe, which—so the pundits say—each Power could call down at will. Retaliation would then always be possible, because no knock-out blow could abolish the enemy bases before his planes or missiles could be launched. When a friend suggested this to me, I wondered whether one side could conceivably poach another's satellite fleet. By a bizarre analogy his idea reminded me of Peshawar, where I saw men standing on adjacent towers, each making a noise to stop their flocks of pigeons from settling. "What are they doing?" I asked. The explanation was an odd one. "Each of them," I was told, "is trying to get his flock mixed up with his rival's. Then, as the pigeons are finally allowed to roost, he hopes some of his neighbour's birds will be so muddled that they will come down on his tower." Quite an idea for science fiction writers: the game is to scoop your neighbour's atom satellites.

* * *

I want to know why the Bulgarians shot down that plane. No explanation can palliate, let alone justify, such an act of savagery. But saying that does not solve the mystery of motive. A friend who knows this frontier tells me that it is one of the most "sensitive" in Europe; that the Bulgarians have probably found spies coming from Greek territory, and that planes have certainly taken photographs and perhaps dropped agents. But that, he agrees, does not explain anything. The plane was clearly far off its course. Checking the Sofia statement with the map, I suspect that the pilot mistook the Struma for the Vardar. Even so, one can scarcely imagine anyone manning any kind of air defence who would not recognise a commercial Constellation on its scheduled flight.

The Bulgarians admit that the plane was shot down by fighters which were sent to force it to land. This does not justify such a murderous attack, nor does it explain why, having made this ghastly error, the Bulgarians were so slow to appease world anger—not least that of the Soviet Union, which is daily seeking ways of proving to the Western world that Communist countries all behave with the strictest propriety. Why did they first put forward quite unconvincing yarns about the incident, and then obstruct the Israeli investigators? Anyway, the Bulgarians now admit their blame and have declared that they will punish the offending airmen.

* * *

Some readers may have noticed with concern that R. H. S. Crossman is leaving the staff of this journal in order to become a *Daily Mirror* columnist. We have been colleagues since 1938 (with the exception of five years during the war when he became Britain's leading expert on political warfare); he has written many of the most forcible leaders in this journal, as well as the signed articles and reviews that have made him one of the best known and influential names in English journalism. But I cannot blame him for accepting the *Daily Mirror's* invitation. It is a challenge which, for one of Crossman's record, could not be rejected. He has always declared that social democracy could work if the electorate were given a chance to understand political issues, and he has proved in his *Sunday Pictorial* column (which will now be written by Wilfred Fienburgh, another NEW STATESMAN columnist) that he has the knack of expounding the real nub of events in a crisp and yet educative form which can be read by millions of people. The *Daily Mirror's* circulation is approaching five million; how can a man who has so often complained that Fleet Street lacks independent political columnists on the American pattern, refuse, when he is offered the chance of joining Cassandra and Vicky on a mass circulation paper which prides itself on the slogan "Publish and Be Damned"?

This does not mean, I'm glad to say, that readers of this journal will not, on occasion, see his name among our contributors.

* * *

Christian martyrs sang, it is said, while they were being burned at the stake. And Jehovah's Witnesses, of whom there are 40,000 in London this week, have a similarly cheerful courage. A friend, who shared a Nazi prison with them during the war, tells me they were fantastically brave. The reason in both cases is clearly the same. If you are really sure you will go to eternal bliss when you die, you can joyfully bear quite a lot of pain in the comparatively short process of dying; and if you are quite certain that your persecutors will get it in the neck at Armageddon and that only God's Children (of whom you are one) will be saved, you probably get a good deal of satisfaction in having your faith tested. It is of course absurd to put conscientious objectors in prison at all, but to give Jehovah's Witnesses the satisfaction of such petty persecution is merely to display an indefensible ignorance. If you compare the early Christians and Jehovah's Witnesses with everyday modern Christians, who say they believe in a heavenly immortality, you at once see the difference between the two senses of the word "belief." I had a grandfather who did *really believe* his religion; he believed he was not of the elect, and so died a prey to the melancholia that might be expected in one who looked forward to eternal punishment. But most Christians clearly do not believe in eternity in the same way that they believe that if they catch the right train at Victoria they will duly arrive at Brighton. If the future life was as real to them as Brighton, a Christian death would be a matter for rejoicing. I recall the churchyard epitaph which ran:

> We can't have everything to please us;
> Little Willy's gone to Jesus.

To which the ribald passer-by added:

> Cheer up, mourner! Who can tell?
> Perhaps little Willy's gone to —.

No Jehovah's Witness could lay himself open to such a rebuke. He is cheerful in his abiding faith in our annihilation and his own salvation.

* * *

Genially impressed by the bounty that free American farmers—generously supported by the State—have won from the plains of Iowa, the team of visiting Russian farming experts seem at last to have proved to the Middle West that they really prefer corn to babies for breakfast. That, I am sure, is the explanation of the Bill introduced last week by Congressman Carnahan from Missouri. Not for him the restrictions of the McCarran Act, the exclusions of the Attorney-General. His Bill would pay up to two thousand dollars a head to provide two-month visas and travel facilities for authenticated one hundred per cent. subversives from Russia and Eastern Europe. Perhaps the State Department will soon be giving visas to premature co-existentialists.

CRITIC

Facts of Life

Well fares the land, tho' ills are on the way,
When full employment goes with rising pay,
When manufactures prosperously expand
To feed insatiable home demand!
Then on convenient terms of monthly hire
Wage-earners purchase all they may desire,
Then TV sets adorn the living-room,
And vacuum-cleaners oust the homely broom,
Then one machine will polish, scrape and scrub,
Another will replace the washing-tub,
And, by the pressing of a switch, release
The housewife from applying elbow-grease.
Well fare wage-earners in the Welfare State,
Who hire-instalment goods accumulate!
But brief the exercise of spending-power!
Householders feel the Treasury's icy shower;
The ample blessings of hire-purchase end,
The nation's told to save and not to spend.
The brake on credit, shut off at the fount,
Discourages the lowly charge-account
As Banks react to economic change,
And gloom descends upon the Stock Exchange.
Ill fares the land, tho' in a seeming boom,
Whose markets raw material consume,
Which, purchased from abroad with dwindling gold,
Re-manufactured, should abroad be sold.
The more the home, the less the foreign sales,
And imports over exports tip the scales.
All hopes of luxury—of comfort—fade,
With warnings of the adverse terms of trade!
O, why did Providence to Britain dole
One wasting—and yet wasted—asset, coal,
While giving others iron, uranium, oil,
With populations more inured to toil?
Commercial empire, once this Kingdom's pride,
Her more industrious rivals now divide;
With more commodities at lesser cost,
Their markets gained, to her for ever lost!
The bulk of all Great Britain may produce
Must be for foreign, not domestic, use—
How then, ah how! shall workers spend their gains,
When policy their spending-power restrains?
Alas, they thought, by promises decoyed,
Plenty, on easy terms could be enjoyed,
How vain the dream, how groundless the belief!
The blessings of prosperity how brief!
The disillusioned worker, and his wife,
Must learn the economic facts of life;
Expansion, now the Government proclaim,
Is but inflation, by a different name!

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It makes my blood boil when I see Englishmen walking about our towns and cities wearing American style shirts, many without a tie.

Can't we set foreign visitors an example by wearing the English tunic-style shirt, stiff collar and regimental tie?—Letter in *Sunday Pictorial*. (D. Aldous.)

When I sought to know more about the professional careers of the seven officers [Germans attached to Shape] an English brigadier said: "Let bygones be bygones. We don't want to dwell too much on the fact that these men fought against us. They have joined the Club."—*Evening Standard*. (R. Raphael.)

Because it considers the words "slum clearance" would disgrace the town, Worthing Council yesterday decided to delete all references to slum clearance in the minutes of the Health Committee.

Councillor M. J. Daly said there were no slums in Worthing, and he moved an amendment that "unfit houses" should be substituted.—*News Chronicle* (B. Munro).

It is a matter of regret that those who are armigerous do not more often display their arms on suitable occasions. The modern reluctance to do so may well be due to self-consciousness or an understandable dislike of appearing ostentatious.—From Preface to *Debrett's Peerage*. (Donald White.)

Ten Years After

THE train from the north pulled into Hiroshima at 5.30 in the morning: a grey wet day, but already warm in the heat of a Japanese summer. The town's new streets were full of pot-holes and patches of untarred white dust. Behind the dust were small wooden shacks interspersed with modern concrete-and-glass buildings—high, mostly rather pleasant to look at. One was washed pink, another had a porch of stone pillars narrowing at their base; and a children's library was a squat glass mushroom, inspired, according to an official town handbook, "by the A-bomb cloud" of 1945, when one-third of Hiroshima's 400,000 people were killed or maimed.

My hotel looked out over the explosion's centre. It is now a grassed park of transplanted trees, still wrapped in a casing of sacking and mud to encourage them to root. In the middle is the memorial to the people who had been killed by the bomb. Under a ten-foot high concrete curve, modelled (I was told) on the earliest Japanese house in the woods, was a concrete catafalque with the inscription in Japanese characters: "Repose ye in peace for the error shall never be repeated." In front was a large glass jar of yellow dahlias. Later in the day I saw the flowers had been changed and I watched two fifteen-year-old boys get off their bicycles to pray, crossing themselves, in front of the catafalque.

The present atomic museum (a new and more impressive building is nearly finished) is the other side of the memorial park, past the *Atomic Dome Coffee Café* and several souvenir shops. These sell picture postcards, albums and pieces of twisted metal, burnt brick and fused glass bottle tops. Ten thousand people, mostly tourists from the rest of Japan, visited the town last year; and I saw five sight-seeing buses waiting outside the museum. Inside, the souvenirs were not so very different from those of the shops; but everything was scientifically labelled in Japanese and English: "an interesting phenomenon . . ." or

"it will be noted. . . ." In the inner room were photographs of the first aid centres immediately after the bomb fell . . . Red Cross nurses moving among people whose bodies and faces were blurred unrecognisably by ulcers and burns. One photograph was of a 14-year-old boy in the dark, high-necked Japanese school uniform; beside it were what looked like worn parchment scraps. The caption to the photograph said that they were the boy's skin and nails "torn off in agony as he struggled for five days and nights before death finally released him."

The American staff at the atomic bomb casualty centre on a hill above the town were briskly unsentimental. Americans, they said, were as well received in Hiroshima as anywhere else in Japan. An American lady told me that most of the terrible rumours about Hiroshima had already been proved false: like the story that nothing would grow over the explosion site for seventy-five years. An American doctor asked me was I interested in a balanced story about the many thousands of people in Hiroshima now living healthy, normal lives, or only in the sensational highlights of the few sick. The centre is a jointly operated and financed American-Japanese institute for "research on the medical effects of the atomic bomb on the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki." It does not treat patients for any disease that may be discovered, so as not to compete with the town's ordinary hospitals and doctors.

Doctors in the town told me that there have been 200 cases of leukæmia in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The peak, they hope, was passed in 1949 with 50 deaths; but some new cases are still appearing. The fear is that apparently fit people, who were exposed to radiation, will suddenly fall ill. On one occasion the man who had been interpreting for me some information about this disease said abruptly, "mine is on my arm"; and he rolled up his sleeve to show me the scar from a radiation burn. Then, pointing to a graph of the leukæmia figures, "and now, we survivors, we cannot say, we do not know, when it will come." The other obvious effect on survivors has been radiation cataracts—none of which so far has caused total blindness. A very few children born to mothers pregnant at the time of the explosion have abnormally small heads and some degree of mental retardation. An American doctor at the Centre said that there was no evidence of any genetical effects caused by the bomb. Japanese doctors in the town said there had been a very slight decrease in the proportion of male births to mothers exposed to the bomb. But one of them added that, after all, only ten years had gone by and they had yet to see the second and third generations.

Hiroshima is now the eleventh largest city in Japan, with a population of 300,000. Fifty thousand new houses have been built. There was once a five-year plan of roads, houses, public buildings and drainage to commemorate the end of the war. That was in 1949, and was to have cost 28,440 million yen; but 6,289 million yen was all that could be raised, from both local and government funds. The city is short of money even for the medical treatment of the bomb's victims. Six hundred and five are still on a waiting list for surgery—sometimes because they are children whose school work would be interrupted, sometimes because they are not strong enough for an operation, but sometimes because there is no money to pay for their treatment.

On August 6 every year since 1947 Hiroshima has had a peace commemoration service round the memorial to the atomic dead. The Japanese Prime Minister and other national and international figures send messages; the mayor makes a speech, and so do representatives of other civic organisations, such as "The Anti H- and A-bomb Convention of Hiroshima." A placard on the ruins of the Industrial Exhibition Gallery says "No More Hiroshimas," and the townspeople I talked to thought that atomic experiments ought to be stopped. If they were held, a reporter said, they should at least be within the territory of the experimenting nation. He suggested Nevada for the United States' bombs. Peace is the most used word in Hiroshima. The newly constructed town is officially "a peace city." "Peace Boulevard," ending in "Peace Bridge," is the most important of the new roads. One official said to me: "When the A-bomb fell my wife was at the epicentre . . . so now she is missing." And then, as I did not understand . . . "missing permanently. So now I am very strongly pacifist." He smiled, of course, with good Japanese manners which should not embarrass and sadden the listener by any display of sorrow.

Japan, July 20. LOIS MITCHISON

Thoughts in the Wilderness

CANDLES BURNING LOW

In our new society there is a growing dislike of original creative men. The manipulated do not understand them; the manipulators fear them. The tidy committee men regard them with horror, knowing that no pigeonholes can be found for them. We could do with a few original creative men in our political life—if only to create some enthusiasm, release some energy—but where are they? We are asked to choose between various shades of the negative. The engine is falling to pieces while the joint owners of the car argue whether the footbrake or the handbrake should be applied. Notice how the cold, colourless men, without ideas and with no other passion but a craving for success, get on in this society, capturing one plum after another and taking the juice and taste out of them. Sometimes you might think the machines we worship make all the chief appointments, promoting the human beings who seem closest to them. Between midnight and dawn, when sleep will not come and all the old wounds begin to ache, I often have a nightmare vision of a future world in which there are billions of people, all numbered and registered, with not a gleam of genius anywhere, not an original mind, a rich personality, on the whole packed globe. The twin ideals of our time, organisation and quantity, will have won for ever.

The more sinister fairy tales are probably true. Wishes are magically granted, but then the people live unhappily ever after. They wanted the wrong things, or things in the wrong order. Just as people now demand a smoothly cemented walk and then wonder where the flowers have gone. We should like to have some towering geniuses, to reveal us to ourselves in colour and fire, but of course they would have to fit into the pattern of our society and be ready to take orders from sound administrative types. We have cultural departments, with files already allotted to various types of genius; we have colossal fuss-making mechanisms, served by armies of public relations men, commentators and gossipers; but genius itself, the authentic flame, seems shy of the crowded and noisy scene. But perhaps it is the hidden wish, the secret desire, that sets in motion the magic. And perhaps our society does not really want great talent, genius, the flame.

These thoughts arose from the fact that, as I write this, the main theatrical topic, here in London, is the *décor* of the new production of *King Lear* by a Stratford company headed by Sir John Gielgud. (And let it be clearly understood that I am not criticising Sir John, his producer Mr. George Devine, and their associates. They are outside the argument.) This *décor*, I believe, is the work of a Japanese artist living in America. The production has already been taken to Holland, Switzerland, Austria. All this seems impressive, suggesting an international world of culture, a Theatre uniting the ends of the earth. Arts Councils, British Councils, have not toiled in vain. The harvest is near. There is hope for us yet. But how much? I dislike dimming any gleam of hope, to reveal a prospect bleaker than ever; but we must take a closer view.

It is not difficult to imagine all the fuss and palaver, all the administrating and organising, the cables, telegrams, telephone calls, letters, contracts, schedules, time-tables, behind this particular production, which in turn is bringing into the world, already dizzy with news and gossip, whole acres, for which forests are being sacrificed, of newspaper and magazine comment and photographs, gush and sneers and backchat. And all this is typical of our new society, our age of administrators and organisers, time-table and schedule makers, journalists pretending to be critics, illiterates pretending to be journalists. What is also typical of our new society is that the only essentially creative thing here, the play itself, belongs to another age altogether, coming to us across three and a half centuries. A host of contemporaries are trying to light and warm themselves by the flame that once blazed in Shakespeare's mind. Here we might pause to reflect that the London of today, more than ten times the size of Shakespeare's, with ten times the number of theatres, has actually fewer dramatists of great talent. You can easily multiply people, machinery, fuss, but not talent and genius. In all that is essential to a vital Theatre, Elizabeth the First was more fortunate than Elizabeth the Second. But then the real Elizabethans genuinely wanted dramatic genius, so the magic worked for them. What we want are airplanes that break the sound barrier, and this is what we have been given.

If Shakespeare were alive today and offered us a *King Lear*, not only would Shaftesbury Avenue and Broadway tell him he was wasting his time, turning out such stuff, but he might be in danger of being asked to see a psychiatrist. The only way we keep Shakespeare is by turning him into a cultural figure, which means that we need not take him seriously. A contemporary dramatist, caught in the mood in which *King Lear* was written, hot, black, and bitter, would be denounced by the more responsible press as a menace, and savagely jeered at by the others as a lunatic. The creative flame has to be seen at a great distance, and even then through the smoked glasses of cultural history. The very people who boast they never miss a new production of *King Lear* would run in horror, as if the pavement were exploding, from a contemporary drama of the same quality. All the fuss about *décor* gives the game away. When the drama is burningly alive, compelling people to listen in horror, amazement, wonder and joy, imposing a new vision of this life upon the audience, nobody cares what tights and whiskers the actors are wearing. A designer's

Theatre is a Theatre in which the dramatists are dead or dying. Once plays are produced not because of what the dramatists are saying but to introduce a certain new shade of pink, the vital Theatre has gone, and any kind of Theatre is on its way out.

The new society organises—or tries to organise—the arts, just as it organises so many activities. If committees, memoranda, *In* and *Out* trays, general busybodying, gossip and palaver, could do the trick, we would make the Athens of Pericles, the Florence of the de Medicis, the London of Elizabeth and James the First, look like dingy suburbs. For sheer fuss, comment, gossip, about the arts, no previous society can compare with ours. We are ready to lay on culture like hot-and-cold water. As soon as anybody has created anything, it is black and crawling with all the types who are still waiting for somebody to create something. (And the fact that they are dependent upon a creative instinct they do not possess themselves makes them hostile to the creator.) And while the parasites multiply, the body that nourishes them is beginning to look emaciated. Not that there is any lack of artistic activity on a certain level. Never was there more. In schools throughout the land, painters and sculptors are teaching painters and sculptors to teach painters and sculptors to teach students who will become teachers of painting and sculpture: in an infinite regress of dimming visual culture. Never were there more publishers or more new books. All the wave-lengths hum with comment upon and discussion of the arts. Our society ought to be ablaze with genius. And if it is not, then perhaps it is because there are too few flames and far too many shades, snuffers and extinguishers. There are too many foresters for too few trees.

For one reason and another, I happen to be fairly well acquainted with new fiction. Now the average level is high, much higher than when I started writing. Novelists "of promise" are almost ten a penny. Of scores of these books, you cannot honestly say they are bad. Their writers do not make fools of themselves; they have read a good deal before they began to write; they all make an excellent beginning. Yet among all these novels, which have been piling up for years, where are the established novelists? Where are the writers so well known that they can be justly regarded as public figures? Where, in the Madame Tussaud's of the national consciousness, are the men of letters? Or, for that matter, the other kinds of creative artists? Name ten, widely known and highly regarded, under fifty years of age. Who and where are the massive talents, the towering personalities, the men of genius? Who represents us abroad as we ought to be represented—by the English mind blazing with art and throwing a light on the world we all share—and not by the assistant secretary to the Department of Drains, the vice-chairman of the Busybodies Association, the Secretary of the Society of Stuffed Shirts?

I shall be told that we are reaching the end of a cultural epoch, that this is inevitably an age of criticism and not creation. This sounds all right until you look round for the criticism, and then you realise that it is out of date, that we have passed this point, that we are beginning something new and not gracefully ending something old. True, we have criticism in quantity, but what about the quality? Where are the great figures, the definitive works? I do not say we have not still among us some critics well worth reading, men whose periodical work has a sparkle. But they all seem to be so short-winded; a sprint down a column tires them; not for them the big books, the wide surveys, the formidable judgments. Where are the fit companions of the creative giants? They were beginning to fade from the scene when I was young. No, this is not an age of criticism. It is the new age of snap personal judgments—*I like this, I don't like that*, of snippety comment, of art gossip and chatter, of newspaper twaddle about somebody's beard or boots. Because in its heart, if it has one, our new society is hostile to genius, to creation, to bold original minds. It knows these are dangerous to its designs. The man with a passion, a flair, a creative zest, even for one of its own new media, is to be avoided, and there must be brought in, to control the medium, to let the blood out of it, some Machiavelli of governing boards, some Metternich of faked agenda and office intrigue, somebody who will never put a foot wrong nor a finger right. In this chilly atmosphere a creative, original man might as well be a rogue elephant. The flame of genius can find no fuel in it. So the flame pales and dwindles; the great voices, proclaiming our despair, our hope, our anger and our brotherhood, no longer reach us except from the past, do not speak for us in our present situation; and millions of innocent people, who have been told they are within sight of the promised land, wonder why they are not as happy as they ought to be. They wait for the truth that genius always proclaims, and some of them will have to wait a long time.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Shock-work at Om Saber

(By A Special Correspondent)

No red carpets were put out for me when I arrived at Om Saber, the new model village on a strip of former desert in Lower Egypt. I was one of fifteen hundred visitors. From high up overhead a loudspeaker in the compound called out: "Shell employees report to Block 16!" And then: "Alexandria schoolboys, go in to lunch!" Some of the parties of visitors—in the mood of a bank holiday crowd—were starting on their conducted tours; others were playing volleyball in a corner of the compound. A soldier and sailor had joined forces and were leaning reflectively on a new cattle-pen to watch a Friesian prize bull of glorious virility. Suddenly a bus drove in and discharged a purposeful and camera-armed human load. Twenty newspapermen from "the States." Their humour was variable, their temper uncertain. The desert road from Cairo had been long and in the later stretches uneven. "Five hours having your teeth rattled out, to come and see a vegetable patch—Jesus!" was the emphatic comment of a husky Pennsylvanian as we all moved in to be briefed on what we were to see. Over my shoulder I embarked on reasoned controversy, striking the friendly tone. "It's a bit more than that, surely—reclaiming and cultivating the desert. It's hardly been done before in this part of the world." The Pennsylvanian, friendly too, could give as good as he got. "Sure! It's a bit of pioneering. But Christ! We've been doing that for donkeys' years!"

The young Egyptian major who unfurled the map of "Liberation Province" before us when we were seated in his office was unruffled by the critical humour of some of his guests. He told the story of "Liberation Project."

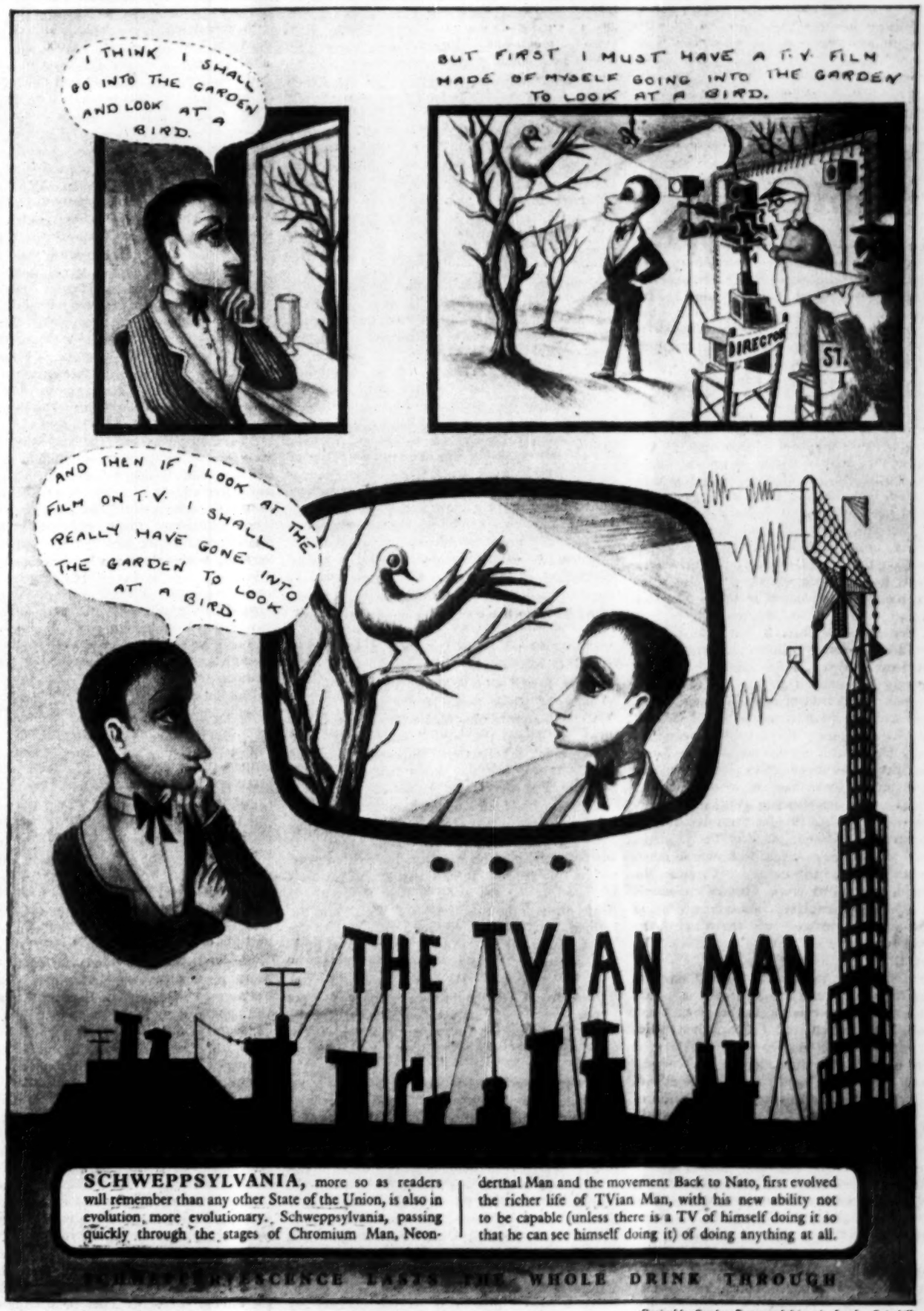
Egypt's main handicap, he explained, was the confinement of her growing population in the narrow Nile Valley. Less than 4 per cent. of the country was cultivated. But the great desert tracts on either side could be made fertile by water—and had been in Roman times. Even ex-King Farouk had grown mangoes and grapes in a small area of former desert. Now the new revolutionary régime was starting the "break out" into the desert on a large scale. "Liberation Province" would contain 600,000 acres of crops after 15 years. So far 5,000 acres of sand dunes had been levelled, irrigated and cultivated. Our major described the methods. They had been truly military. Seven thousand "cadres," or picked "shock workers" had been deployed. They had not been allowed to bring wives or children with them. And no permanent settlers had yet been brought in. When the first 300 settler families arrived, this summer, the "shock workers" would jump ahead and prepare the next tracts. The cost of the initial effort had been high and the Government would keep control for five years so as to recoup some of its expenditure. "In fact," said the major with a flourish of his blackboard-pointer, "the settlements will be run as a 'collective'."

The questions from Pennsylvania, from Minnesota, from the Dakotas came thick and fast. "Major, can you tell us in what way your Project differs from a Communist scheme?" "Suppose one of the settlers wants to leave the Province and go elsewhere, will he be free to do so?" "Supposing one of these settlers wants to save up to buy an automobile, how can he do so?"

The major flushed pink. He did not enjoy political polemics. He spoke of the Four Freedoms, of co-operatives that were to come into being, of elected village councils that eventually would make decisions. The Government experts, he said, would "fade into the background." But it was clear that the American questioners—for all their doctrinal attitude—had stumbled on a central problem. Can a great agrarian revolution like that of "Liberation Province" be carried through among backward people without rigid discipline? Can compulsion ever be replaced by democratic forms of life?

Out on the roads of "Liberation Province" that morning it was clear that hard and effective work was being done. Scrapers and bulldozers were hurling manure on to newly watered fields. The irrigation canal was being extended northwestwards. Water-melons, wheat, onions and lucerne crops were ripening. A brickworks was turning out machine-made bricks for the building of the second model village. In Om Saber itself (named after a martyr killed in the Canal Zone battle with the British) the "shock workers" are well cared for, in a garden-city atmosphere. Every family will have a two-room house with kitchen and bathroom. There is a mechanical laundry and bakery run by grave-faced workers in white uniforms (the tractor-drivers wear grey uniform). Tractor-workers do six-hour shifts, others work an eight-hour day. But when I asked the chief engineer if trade unions were growing up he smiled and shook his head.

In the comfortably furnished "recreation-centres" of Om Saber there was little sign that "organisation from below" was being encouraged among the 7,000 workers. Discipline and dedication were the two words that came readily to mind. Three young "welfare officers" told me that their chief task was to discourage drinking and smoking. ("Our leaders believe that good work cannot go on with the presence of women and with the drinking of alcohol.") A play had just been produced about an imaginary cultivator who had misunderstood an order given to him—with disastrous consequences to his crop. The main literature on reading-room tables was Nasser's "Philosophy of the Revolution." But in the atmosphere of technocracy and revolutionary propaganda one of the Egyptian officials I spoke


I THINK I SHALL GO INTO THE GARDEN AND LOOK AT A BIRD.
BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A T.V. FILM MADE OF MYSELF GOING INTO THE GARDEN TO LOOK AT A BIRD.
DIRECTOR
ST.
AND THEN IF I LOOK AT THE FILM ON T.V. I SHALL REALLY HAVE GONE INTO THE GARDEN TO LOOK AT A BIRD.
THE TVIAN MAN
SCHWEPPSYLVANIA, more so as readers will remember than any other State of the Union, is also in evolution, more evolutionary. Schweppsylvania, passing quickly through the stages of Chromium Man, Neonderthal Man and the movement Back to Nato, first evolved the richer life of TVian Man, with his new ability not to be capable (unless there is a TV of himself doing it so that he can see himself doing it) of doing anything at all.
EFFERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Devised by Stephen Potter and drawn by Loudon Sainthill

to was subtler and more reserved. He was on the Project to teach the incoming settlers the principles and practice of co-operation which he himself had learnt in the Manchester C.W.S. "It's a long-term job among people with little civic experience," he said, "but we can do it if we are given the chance."

When the first settler families are brought into "Liberation Province" this summer, the "cadre" principle will still prevail. They will all be specially picked. The men are to be under 30—ex-Servicemen, graduates or experienced farmers. But sooner or later—as the cultivated area grows, and needs more people to till it—less capable and adaptable families will have to move in. The work of diffusing new knowledge and social habits will be harder. Will genuine co-operatives and village councils in time replace the centralised discipline that now seems to have taken shape in this first bid by Colonel Nasser's young revolutionaries to recapture the desert?

The Grissell Case

In the course of his application to the Privy Council for leave to appeal on behalf of the two newspaper men sent to prison by the Australian Federal Parliament, Sir Hartley Shawcross conceded that, had the case been an English one, he could not have contested the decision. He added, however, that although the House of Commons undoubtedly possessed the power to imprison those who infringed its privileges, the power had not been asserted for a long time. In fact, the last occasion was in 1880. The case was a *cause célèbre*, in its day, not only because of its constitutional interest but also because of the audacity and impudence displayed by its central figure, Mr. Charles Edmund Grissell.

Formerly a lieutenant in the Navy, Grissell was a partner in a firm of meat importers. The business had not been doing well and Grissell was looking for other means of improving his fortune. He saw an opportunity in his chance acquaintance with Lord Henry Lennox, the chairman of a Committee of the House of Commons which was hearing petitions in connection with a private Bill for the erection of a bridge over the Thames. One of the principal objectors was a firm of wharfingers whose interests were seriously threatened. Through his solicitor, a man called Ward, Grissell communicated with the wharfingers and informed them that he had "contacts" on the Committee: he could secure the rejection of the Bill for the sum of £2,000.

The wharfingers notified their legal advisers of Grissell's proposal and counsel at once informed the Committee. Indignant at the suggestion that they could be bribed, the Committee immediately suspended the inquiry into the Bill and reported to Parliament that allegations of corruption had been made against its members. A Committee of Privileges was appointed to investigate the matter and Grissell was summoned to give evidence before it. He admitted that his claim to have influence with the members was completely bogus and that, apart from a slight acquaintance with the Chairman, he did not even know them. However, he denied that he was trying to obtain money by false pretences and blandly explained that his conduct was inspired by an anonymous letter he had received which informed him the wharfingers would stop at nothing to bring about the rejection of the Bill. Hoping to acquire merit, his purpose had been to involve them in a corrupt agreement so as to expose them. Needless to say, the explanation was not accepted; the Committee reported to Parliament that Grissell was guilty of a breach of the privileges of the House.

He and Ward, his solicitor, were summoned to the Bar of the House. Ward appeared and apologised, but was committed to the Clock Tower, where he remained till he was released twelve days later on medical certificates that his health had broken down. Grissell did not obey the summons; instead he sent a telegram saying that his health compelled his withdrawal to Boulogne. The Speaker issued a warrant for his arrest; but, as it could not be served outside the jurisdiction, the Sergeant-at-Arms sent a messenger to France to inform Grissell that his presence was urgently required in England. The messenger found that Mr. Grissell had become Mr. Graham and was contentedly nursing his health in a comfortable hotel. He gave the messenger an elaborately cordial reception, even inviting him to lunch, but politely refused to accompany him to England.

The sanctuary Boulogne offered—combined with its bracing air—fortified Mr. Grissell's health sufficiently to enable him to devote a little time to the study of the rules of the House of Commons. He learned, to his gratification, that the powers of Parliament to punish breaches of privilege expired when the session ended, and that offenders in custody on prorogation had to be released. The effect of the discovery on Mr. Grissell's condition was remarkable—the nearer the end of the session approached, the more his health improved. Two days before prorogation he felt so well that he returned to England to submit to the Speaker's warrant, thoughtfully giving advance notice of the time of his return. Thereafter everything proceeded in accordance with the rules of the House—and Mr. Grissell's plans. He was arrested as soon as he arrived in England, brought immediately before the Commons and forthwith committed to Newgate.

Mr. Grissell bore his sentence with fortitude sustained by the knowledge that within a few hours—Parliament would be prorogued next day—he would regain his freedom. As they watched him being led away, Members were conscious of the sport he had made of them. As it turned out, however, the last laugh was with Parliament. Mr. Grissell's reading had not gone far enough. Some months later, soon after the opening of the new session, the Sergeant-at-Arms appeared at his house in Curzon Street with a warrant for his arrest. He was taken into custody, brought again to the Bar of the House and (to the obvious satisfaction of Members) committed once more to Newgate. The Speaker stated that, while it was the rule that a person held prisoner for contempt must be released when Parliament was prorogued, the House could, in another session, determine that the order for his commitment should be renewed if it was thought that the punishment he had undergone was not sufficient. Crestfallen, Mr. Grissell was marched off to gaol, more adequately to purge his contempt. He remained in prison for three weeks and might have remained there considerably longer had not the dissolution of Parliament brought about his release.

H. Phillip Levy

Writing a Book

"Work hard," said Helen at Victoria Station. "That's the whole point of my going," I said firmly; "I'm not coming back without at least two books." "That's the spirit," said Helen. The whistle blew, and I jumped importantly into the train. As we left the seedy fringe of South Suburbia, I sought out the bar and began drinking Guinness. I had left London in ruins behind me, splintered love affairs, brawls and broken contracts. I ordered another Guinness. Work. It was not really possible to escape the written word and its tiny power. It wasn't truth and it wasn't falsehood, it was the wand of Ashtaroth and the giggle through the catastrophe. "Well," said the barman; "haven't seen you for ages. You on the Swiss run again?" "I'm not in the travel business any more," I said, "I'm going to write a book." "A book?" He looked profoundly uninterested. I returned to the carriage and sat among honeymoon couples going to Paris, business men bound for Lyons, card-sharpers off to the Cote d'Azur. In some way I had betrayed them all.

Finally I arrived at Bayonne. I booked a room in a hotel near the station called the Emperor of Beer, sharpened my pencils and sat down at a table. Chapter One, I wrote. Then I jumped up and took a walk through the town. It was utterly solid and harmonious. The walls of the houses were so thick that you could hear nobody beating their wives; the men wore huge black hats, had booming voices, and saved their money. I stayed there three days, drinking Pernod. Then I left for Africa.

I moved about Africa for a time and eventually arrived in the town of Drift on the North Coast. It has a French quarter, a Spanish quarter and an Arab medina. Complete liberty prevails. There are vices, drugs, cheap alcohol and constant sunshine. I went to a hotel in the Medina and booked a room which gave on to a terrace where there was a view of milky minarets, blue sea and a distant brush of purple hills. Through the walls of my room I could hear a man monotonously beating his three wives. He was actually in the next house, and was a rich grocer, by the name of Ahmed Abdullah, by the grace of God. Before starting on the first chapter of my book, I decided to go for a swim, but was warned not to go beyond the river. "Why?" I asked the proprietor in amazement. "It is in the hands of God," he said, spreading his hands, "but it is wiser not to go." He then looked at me slyly. "Unless it is your deliberate wish," he added.

I walked down the beach, surprisingly full of Arabs playing football, and came to the river. "Why not?" I thought. Beyond, it looked wild and appetising, with rollicking breakers and sand like a child's hair. The river bobbed with excrement, but I waded through it and walked on to the idyllic African strand where the sun glittered on the world like a god. I took off my clothes and ran into the sea. I hadn't been there ten minutes, before a naked African appeared on the shore, waved and plunged into the sea after me, took my hands and dragged me onto the beach. He made wild gestures towards the eucalyptus scrub at the back. "No," I cried. "One peseta," he cried holding up one finger dramatically and pointing backwards to the scrub. "Fifty centimos," he yelled after me, as I ran for the river. . .

In the centre of the Spanish quarter of Drift is the Old Square, which has three cafés and where all people's lives are run by shoeblacks. The average age is seven. They sleep on tables, steal food, and wear wonderful cast-off clothing—

chopped-off G.I. uniforms, gas-capes, firemen's helmets, baseball caps and moth-eaten fur coats. Most of them are rather beautiful, dirty, lithe, and all are wiser than oneself. The first day I sat down at one of the café-tables, one of the shoeblacks threw himself down at my feet and began to polish. "My name is Ali," he said. "You have come here to write a book." He wore a malicious grin. "How did you know?" I said. "Ah," he said. "You refused a man on Passion Beach for fifty centimos. He is my cousin. You live in the Hotel Delirio next to the house of Ahmed Abdullah, who marries wife after wife to cook for him, but they all lie on the floor and smoke kief. Do you want cigarettes, drugs or boys?" "No," I said, "I have come here to write." "You are in Drift," he said with a smile.

I went back to the hotel, resharpened my pencil and sat down at the table. Suddenly I groaned with misery. What had I got to say? Something profound, no doubt. I walked out on to the terrace and looked down at the town cascading in rose and white to the sea. It was beautiful and suffocating. I went back to the Old Square and ordered a drink. "I am a painter," said a man next to me; "I have heard about you from the shoeblacks." He repeated the gossip about Passion Beach and Ahmed Abdullah and offered me a cigarette. Then he offered me another. Both were drugged. I sat back in a coma, and the terrible beauty of Drift seeped into me. Finally I found myself at a party in a lilac house over the sea, full of poets and writers and musicians. There were also hunchbacks. "I am writing a concerto," said my host, who was wearing a saffron dressing-gown. "Will you have a cigarette or a rather scented cake?" I took the cake and lay back in a dream. The moon spun on the water and, oddly enough, I could watch my book take independent shape. It glowed at the back of my brain, and I recognised that life was a dream. In the morning I awoke with a ghastly headache and went to the Hamam or Arabian bath. "Hullo," said the proprietor, rubbing his hands; "so you didn't like Passion Beach? How is Ahmed Abdullah, by the grace of God?"

I was back in the café in the Old Square, and I resolutely took out a crumpled sheet of paper from my pocket, wrote Chapter One and then ordered an anis. Ali came up to me and dived at my shoes. "No," I cried, "I am poor." "Nonsense," he said, busy polishing; "all you in Drift are rich and idle. Why aren't you at the Port? The boat is arriving."

"Which boat?" I asked.

"The boat with all the expelled people from the countries over the sea," he said. "Everyone goes down there. Do you want some filthy pictures?"

"No," I said.

"Would you like a whore?"

"No," I said, "I am writing a book."

"I will find you a woman. Nobody lives without something in Drift."

Ramadan arrived with a burst of a cannon, and suddenly all the Arabs looked miserable and scowled at the intellectuals in the cafés. From sunrise to sunset the Arabs couldn't eat or smoke or have sex. "More than we could ever do with all our advanced ideas," said the painter. Then one day the shoeblack beckoned to me mysteriously and I followed him through winding alleyways and we came to a cabaret called La Cucurracha. Here I met with surprise, a charming, dark girl called Rosita. "Do you like her?" "Very much," I said. "She doesn't need any money," he whispered. Rosita and I held hands, and we looked into each other's eyes. It was as if we had known each other for years, as if we had lived and died together down the centuries. We wandered back to the hotel in the Medina. I tussled with her deliciously for an hour. She was tender, insinuating and as sharp as a diamond. She came from Jerez de la Frontera, and somewhere at the back of my mind was the picture of a witch. After a time I was in a spell. I tried to fight it. It was far worse for Chapter One than Bayonne. I had made a mistake. You cannot write a book any better in a spell than when you are dull or unhappy.

One day I was sitting at the café when Ali came up to me, grinning. "She's gone," he said. "Who's gone?" I asked. "Rosita. It happens in Drift. She's sitting over at the café opposite." I looked across and saw her sitting with a man dressed in a superb suit. Her eyes were shining. Looking closer, I recognised the man as the one who had accosted me at Passion Beach. "Do you want any drugs?" asked Ali. "No," I said, "I'm writing a book."

ANTHONY CARSON

The Gams

He stood, surprisingly, below us, on the grassy summit of a little cliff which overhung the edge of the moraine, poised, motionless, his four feet neatly gathered, his beard ruffled gently by the breeze. Higher up, near the snow-line, we had disturbed a lot of Gemse—mostly hinds (if that be the correct word for female chamoix) with their young; they had bounded away from our distant approach. But this Gams seemed to have no fear of human climbers. As we slithered down the scree from the Hochschwab ridge, he kept his ground, gazing but not stirring; his amber eyes had a sad, almost propitiatory look. When we neared his level, my wife said she would creep quietly round the top of the cliff and talk to the Gams. I went on, to hold his attention, under the cliff's face, sat down and watched . . .

We had come from Vienna for a long week-end in "green" Styria—past Wiener Neustadt, where scores of Red Army soldiers, entraining for home, were busy gathering keepsake posies beside the line; over the Semmering pass, no longer blocked now to Western tourists without "grey" military permits; across the Mürz (in full spate) to Kapfenberg, where we had squeezed into a post-bus crammed with peasant women, pilgrims bound for the marvels of Mariazell. There they would lay the aches and pains of all-weather landwork and too frequent pregnancies at the Blessed Virgin's feet; there, shepherded by their parish priest, they would trudge steeply up-hill past the Stations of the Cross; there they would happily devote a year's savings to the purchase of naively, charmingly decorated candles and wax pears (all duly blessed, after buying) which open to disclose a tiny Christ Child. We, having no such pious intentions, left the *Postwagen* at our chosen village, and found beds in Frau Gruber's hospitable inn.

The village was expanding by 50 per cent. in size. Three new houses, raising the total from six to nine, were under construction; and on the evening of our arrival a lopped fir tree was being hoisted to one gable as triumphant signal that the roof was on. It was Saturday; and that night the builders packed the *Gaststube*, singing lustily, with yodelled flourishes, to the accompaniment of an accordion played by the plumber. (The foreman, a huge fellow from the Nieder Tauern, claimed that his Saturday ration was fifteen litres of beer.) A childish foreigner who made such obviously heavy weather with the Styrian dialect, yet was seemingly quite old enough to have learnt better, was an object of politely amused interest; and when I filled up our registration form, and a nationality almost unknown in the inn was disclosed, nothing would do but that I must be presented by Frau Gruber to my "opposite number", a white-haired little Austrian colonel, the only other resident guest, who had come to rest, with economy, in the mountain air. Watched by twenty pairs of eyes, we behaved beautifully—as former enemies should do. "*Hochachtung*"—"*Verehrung*": a friendly bottle was shared. And next day we had tramped past meadows jewelled and scented with all the flowers of June, up through pine-woods—leaving the sound of cow-bells remotely below—to *Almen* where Gentians outdid kingfisher blue, and higher still to the rocks and lingering snow patches from which pale Christmas Roses were just showing . . .

Our solitary Gams on the cliff did not quite abide my wife's kindly intentioned coming. As she got near, he gave me, I thought, a reproachful look, wagged his beard and moved away with leisurely leaps. But not far: this chamoix seemed almost tame. So, meeting a young *Bergwacht* on safety patrol in the valley, we asked him if this was not very unusual for a chamoix. "That beast," he said, "was an *Einzelgänger*, a solitary one. The Gemse elect a leader whose duty and pride it is to keep watch and guard the herd from harm. If he fails in this task and lets the herd run into danger he is *ausgestoszen*, expelled, for the rest of his life. Sometimes—*nicht wahr?*—he feels sad and lonely."

So that was it. Even among Gemse, democratic leadership has its risks. Our once proud Gams was paying, in banishment and solitude, the price exacted for error. I knew now why the beast had vaguely reminded me of a familiar political face.

AYLMER VALLANCE

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The Arts and Entertainment

King Lear

EXPERIMENT is the lifeblood of any art, and the English Theatre is not so noticeably lively at the moment that we can afford to scoff when it tries to be adventurous. In the new *Lear*, at the Palace Theatre, Sir John Gielgud has been brave enough to essay a production which boldly defies the conventions. I hope he will not be discouraged from other experiments, as he well might be, by the rough handling which this production has received. I wish I could add that I thought it much more successful than others seem to have done, but I cannot.

First of all, it must be made clear that this production is experimental in only a very limited sense. It tries something new only with the *décor*. The three responsible for it, Mr. George Devine, the producer, the designer, Isamu Noguchi, and Sir John jointly sign a short programme note which tells us what they are after:

> Our object in this production [they write] has been to find a setting and costumes which would be free of historical or decorative associations, so that the timeless, universal and mythical quality of the story may be clear. We have tried to present the places and the characters in a very simple and basic manner, for the play to come to life through the words and the acting.

With the spirit of this manifesto we may find ourselves in great sympathy. Shakespearean production in England has lately suffered from an over-elaboration of mounting. It is time we got back to something simpler. But it is self-evident, surely, from the fuss which this particular *décor* has caused, that they have completely failed in their object. They have done, in fact, the very opposite of what they set out to do. So far from finding a *décor* which would be comparatively neutral, and allow the words and acting free play, they have instead picked on one so extraordinary and bizarre that audiences can think and talk about nothing else. It is an odd mistake to have made when you come to think about it, but I should guess that it came about by a piece of false reasoning rather on these lines: "We want to get away," they may have said to themselves, "from all those Early British rocks and Early British beards. So we must have something quite unnaturalistic. Where shall we go? Well, surely of all forms of theatre Oriental Theatre is the least representational. So if we choose a Japanese sculptor who is also an abstract artist, we shall be about as unnaturalistic as we can be. But by this time, of course, their argument has carried them right beyond their original intentions and round to the other side. Mr. Noguchi has produced a very striking *décor*, when the striking was just what they set out to avoid.

And I am afraid that I must concur with the common judgment in finding Mr. Noguchi's dresses, at least, strikingly unsuccessful. The settings I found very acceptable in themselves; the backcloth, the shifting screens and panels, are boldly but simply designed and make their effect. But it was surely a miscalculation, on the simplicity principle, to allow their ingenious mechanics to be visible. This, no doubt, is the result of that rabid concern with speed which is an affliction of modern Shakespearean producers. If the shifting had been done in the dark; at the expense of only a few minutes' time, one obvious source of distraction would have been removed. But the costumes are hardly defensible on any plea. They became progressively sillier and sillier as the evening wore on until finally they were, to English eyes at least, positively ludicrous, and it is some tribute to the production that they were not openly laughed at.

If we can only forget these costumes, we shall see that the production is a careful and honest one without tricks or fuss. After the initial miscalculation Mr. Devine has been loyal to the plan. I am not sure that he has succeeded in imposing an agreed style on the cast. Goneril and Regan employed an effective stylisation which no one else followed. This was a pity, for not only did Miss Moira Lister and Miss Helen Cherry succeed exceptionally well with their angular stance and deliberation of movement, but those who accompany them are just those who rather notably failed. (I must particularly except Mr. John Carley, who was as good an Oswald as I have ever seen.) As far as the staging goes, only the storm scene failed, as it commonly does; English actors are not adept at the kind of miming which the producer required of them here.

Sir John's Lear is not as, whole quite so successful as his last. The last half seemed to me as beautiful as ever. But the opening was surprisingly monotonous. Sir John attempted to dominate by voice alone, and he hasn't, especially in so large a theatre as the Palace, the volume to do that. If the storm scene and the hovel scenes were less successful, that was, I think, the fault of those acting with him. Mr. David O'Brien had a very good notion of how the Fool's part could be played, but lacked the experience or the confidence to take his lines slowly enough and give them their weight beside Lear's, while the Poor Tom was allowed to overdo it. This is a marvellous trio but to be effective each of the voices must be exactly right, and all keep time strictly. The other two attending Lear were excellent. Mr. Devine himself provided a firm dignity for Gloucester (too often played as a silver-haired dodderer), and that firmness and dignity served to make his pathos all the sharper. And Mr. Anthony Nicholls made a good sensible Kent.

It was with the mad scene, where Lear comes across the blinded Gloucester, that Sir John resumed his old, absolute mastery. From then on we forget, while he is on, all our discomforts, and are wholly caught up into the world created by that divine crystallisation of the word which the dramatist achieved in these closing scenes. The play itself is, of course, split at this point by the altogether too long and melodramatic winding up of a sub-plot in which we are no longer interested (and which anyhow was badly acted here); but each of Lear's scenes is a piece of perfection, and each of them was brought off by Sir John Gielgud with an absolute sureness of touch.

T. C. WORSLEY

This Is Your Life

IN many ways it seems to me that the most significant recent event both in sound broadcasting and television was the Prime Minister's report to the nation last week on the talks at Geneva; not for anything he said, but simply because he elected to say it first of all on TV: sound broadcasting had to put up with the recording of his speech at a later hour. So far as I know, nothing like this has happened before; in comparable cases in the past it has been sound that has carried the man himself, while television has had to be content with the recording—on sound alone, without benefit of vision. Last week's change in procedure represents, I suggest, the recognition at last of a changed situation, one underlined by the latest figures on listening and viewing trends published by the B.B.C. Audience Research Department. On any evening now of the total audience for all B.B.C. programmes fifty-two per cent. is watching television, despite the fact that the TV public is still only a minority—about one-third—of the population.

Television, in other words, is now the more important of the two broadcasting media, and the significance of Sir Anthony's broadcast is that it shows the central place in our broadcasting formerly held by the Home Service is at last being conceded to it, however reluctantly, for television is still dominated by the brass-hats of sound.

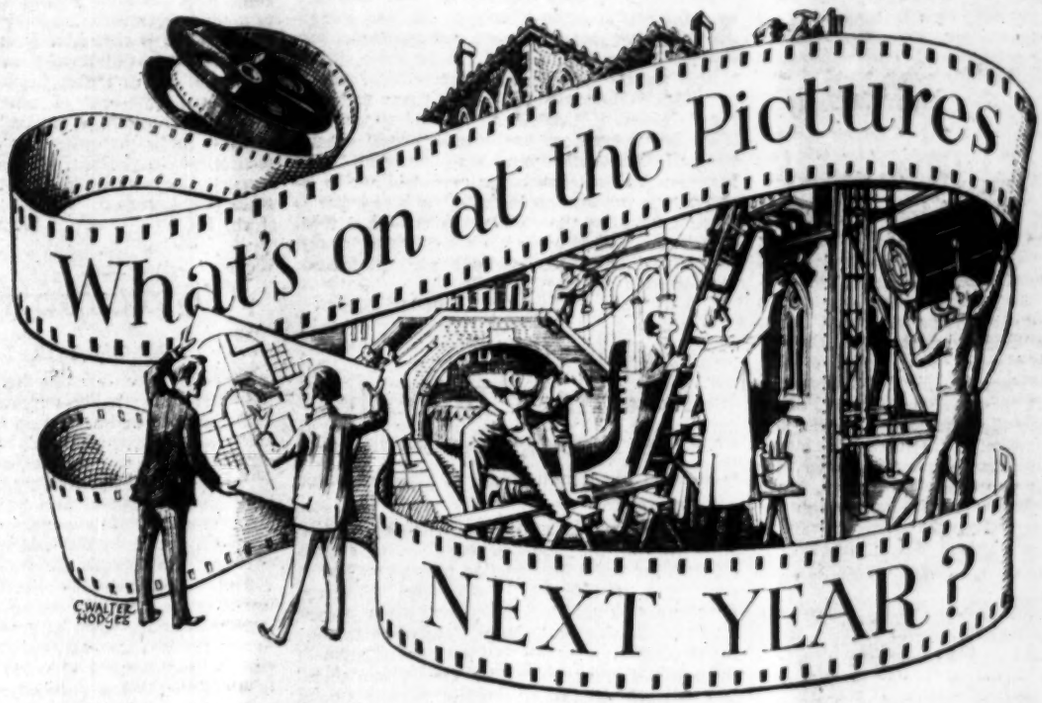
In some respects, however, it is a pity that the Television Service should be being granted this central place just as it must face the competition of commercial television. The recently issued statement of the Television Service's programme plans for the autumn does rather sinisterly suggest that the B.B.C. proposes to meet the threat of commercial competition by being as much like the commercial programmes as possible. The commercial programmes, so far as they have been announced, appear to lean heavily on material from America, much more heavily than we were assured would be the case when the constitution of the I.T.A. was being framed. But B.B.C. television itself is now leaning heavily on America. We had two instances of this last week, neither, as it seemed to me, particularly desirable.

First, there was the programme called *Stanley Kramer*, in which that distinguished director introduced the players in his new film *Not As A Stranger*. "By courtesy of United Artists Corporation" was the legend at the foot of the announcement in *Radio Times*. The programme was, in fact, a puff for a film about to be shown in the West End. I have no doubt it was a valuable puff. If it had appeared on an I.T.A. wavelength, one couldn't have taken exception to it: it is the business of commercial television to be commercial. It was quite out of place, occurring at the moment it did, on the B.B.C.

The other instance was the first programme in the series *This Is Your Life*, a programme highly popular in the United States and now taken over by the B.B.C. I would not care to say categorically that this was the most nauseating programme I have ever seen on TV, for I have been pretty appalled in my time by *Ask Pickles*. And one would like to be fair. What we saw the other evening was substantially the American version of the programme, with its American compère, Mr. Ralph Edwards, conducting it. In future, one gathers, it will be conducted by Mr. Eamonn Andrews. By a curious chance, Mr. Andrews was the victim of this first programme—and it does seem to have been by chance, for the victim originally chosen had learnt of his fate from a press leakage and very wisely made himself scarce. That the victim shall not be aware of his fate until it is sprung upon him is the essence of the programme. As we saw it, it began with Mr. Edwards roaming round the studio audience looking for his victim. He lingered here, he lingered there, building up the suspense. Was it to be Mr. Boris Karloff? No. Miss Bebe Daniels or Mr. Ben Lyon? No. Was it to be Mr. Freddy Mills? It proved to be his companion Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Andrews, a performer, not I would have thought, given to abashment, was for once abashed; as well he might have been.

He was placed upon the stage and after what can only be called a spiel of wholly excessive eulogy, Mr. Edwards invited his past to meet him. Voices issued from loudspeakers at the startled Mr. Andrews, followed by their owners themselves who threw themselves upon him, the first, of course, being in Mr. Edwards's words, "the wonderful lady from Dublin who guided your childhood," i.e., Mr. Andrews's mother. Friends and relations surged about him reminding him of his past, while Mr. Edwards poured the contents of what seemed endless tins of treacle over the unfortunate Mr. Andrews. It was very "inspirational." There was no doubt, by the time it was finished, that Mr. Andrews was a paragon loved by all and that, even if he hadn't exactly come up from a log cabin, he wouldn't have much difficulty in making the White House. The programme ended with Mr. Edwards thanking us from the bottom of his heart for being with him that night and calling on God to bless us all.

Well, Mr. Ralph Edwards is only too obviously Mr. Ralph Edwards, and with Mr. Andrews conducting the programme, one may reasonably hope that it will prove much less of a sickener. All the same, one looks forward to the series with horror. One doesn't complain about the exploitation of the victims: if they don't want to be



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exploited they shouldn't be in the audience. It is the inflation and debasement of feelings that should be private that one abhors. I have sometimes thought that *Ask Pickles* succeeded in debasing the coinage of the word "friendship." I am afraid this series may do the same disservice to a lot of other honourable words.

WILLIAM SALTER

Festival in Aix

THE Aix Festival, now in its eighth year, is still ringing the changes on its round of four Mozart operas. Although we have long since grown tired of the Conservatoire Orchestra's slapdash accompaniments, Hans Rosbaud's leaden conducting and the impossible *al fresco* acoustics, Aix's Mozart cannot be entirely neglected. Gabriel Dussurget, artistic director of the Festival, has a nose for new singers: Leopold Simoneau, Marcello Cortis, Graziella Sciutti and Franco Calabrese are among those he has set on the path to international stardom. This year he has a new young Spanish soprano Pilar Lorengar, as Cherubino. She is very pretty to look at, has a lithe, attractively flavoured voice, and might be very useful at Glyndebourne where she could receive intelligent production and musical coaching. She is due to sing Violetta at Covent Garden next season.

The Mozart operas this year were *Figaro* and *Così*, the new production Gluck's *Orphée*, tenor version, with Nicolai Gedda and Janine Micheau. Only the French could have treated a classic masterpiece with such triviality. It was Mozart who remarked that in matters musical "the French are and always will be asses"; one often feels tempted to echo it when the material for first-rate operatic performances is assembled and then spoiled in the execution. Opera, however, was not the main attraction, but four concerts of contemporary and near-contemporary music, given by the Baden-Baden Orchestra under Rosbaud. Even the sun-sodden audiences at Aix were gripped by their stunning accounts of Schoenberg's Orchestra Variations and Webern's hauntingly beautiful Five Movements for String Orchestra. Both were performances to shake up those people who, after thirty years of 12-note music, still cannot see the point of it.

The two most interesting new works were *Le marteau sans maître* by Pierre Boulez and *Incontri* by Luigi Nono—well-known names abroad, but seldom heard in England. The Boulez had the sort of reception one reads about: jeers, cheers, farmyard cackles, bravos, even a blow or two. That evening the casino orchestra presented a parody of it. The work is scored for the sort of chamber combination which puts some people off at sight: tenor flute, vibraphone, xylorimba, guitar, viola, elaborate percussion and mezzo-soprano; in organising their sounds Boulez seems to have aimed at the sort of precision which can usually be attained only in pre-recorded *musique concrète*. The work is brittle, alert, nagging and strangely fascinating. For text Boulez has gone once again to the prose-poems of René Char; the subject, so far as I can make it out, is the agony of the factory-worker haunted by aspirations and dreams of wandering free in the dark forest, while ceaselessly he hammers home the identical rivet that passes on the belt before him. The mechanical activity, the fury of the worker, his wild imaginings and the impersonal, undeviating machine form the stuff of this disturbing and impressive music, four songs and six instrumental numbers. I hope the Third Programme can obtain a recording.

And still more of Nono's *Incontri*. These "encounters" are between 24 instruments, between rhythms, tunes and timbres. Nono, a young Venetian dodecaphonist, has an extraordinary ear for beauty of sound, and his short work revealed a classical purity of design. After a single hearing one could record no more than that senses and mind alike were pleased, and that one wished to hear more of his work as soon as possible.

Back to England, the Proms, and two uneventful first London hearings. Andrzej Panufnik's *Sinfonia rustica* is tame and agreeable, just the sort of thing to win an Official Prize (it did this in Warsaw in 1949; soon afterwards, branded as "alien to the great Socialist era," on a decree of the Minister of Culture it "ceased to exist"). The slow movement has a mild poetic charm. Prokofiev's Seventh Symphony is not mild at all; lowest-common-denominator appeal is not to be despised in movements as skilfully put together as its first two, but the Andante espressivo is thin, and the finale kicks up its heels in cheap cavortings—or would have done had the Prom performance been less flat-footed.

ANDREW PORTER

A Japanese Butterfly

"Madame Butterfly," at the Festival Hall
"Not As A Stranger," at the Leicester Square

It doesn't sound a likely success—the Italian Butterfly with the Japanese players—and it starts off with the worst introduction possible: a sort of travelogue of Nagasaki, 1905, with Pinkerton discovering the geishas. Rickshaws, paper houses, Japanese dancing and singing, and then fat boy meets diminutive girl—"No wonder the sailor of the occident finds this oriental child fascinating." We are then deemed sufficiently warmed up, or cooled off, for Puccini; the titles go up, opera begins.

If it takes a little while to attune ourselves from spurious realism to opera, journalese to music, adjustments are in any case necessary. So little seems to be happening, the people for some reason will *sing*, all the gestures belong to an elaborate charade, neighbours come trooping in to make some prearranged comment and then suddenly and silently vanish, arms are lifted, voices raised, mouths yawn: it is, in fact, opera, and opera and screen don't mix. *Madame Butterfly* starts with the usual disadvantages. For some time the director, Carmine Gallone, holds a pretty even balance between drama and postcard prettiness, languorous or clipped camera movements and the surge of music; gradually Puccini wins. No doubt it is to M. Gallone's credit that he does, and more positively in his favour is his choice of Japanese actors for the Japanese parts. True, they—or others unseen—sing Italian, and the scrupulousness of look, gesture, and attire is not exactly suited to Puccini, who only took from Japan just so much as romanticism required. But in the end the synthetic policy pays, our scattered interests are whisked together, and this is largely because Kaoru Yachigusa gives a performance of Butterfly more beautiful and touching than any I have seen. *Seen* of course, since the voice is Roman, but one comes to accept it like the performance of a puppet come to life. The climax is far more moving than any I have encountered on the stage. For this, if for nothing else, the Festival Hall is well worth a visit. But purists of both film and opera should be warned that they will find here much to disapprove.

Not As A Stranger begins with a corpse dissection and ends with a lengthy operation on the heart, in which there is a good deal of squeaky massage: in fact, this is a hospital film, *the* hospital film, let's hope, to put an end to veiled dramas of the eyes over the operating table. Mr. Sidney Kramer, who has produced many films with a fierce realist tinge, here shows his own hand with a strange mixture of tough and soft. He takes us all through medical schooling, and then through the newly qualified doctor's first struggles in the world, while an uneasy marriage flickers in and out of this physician's progress. It is full of punches, with every punch pulled. We get fed up with white coats, operations, Mr. Robert Mitchum with his one sleepy eye and draped suits, poor shocked Miss de Havilland who has to wait a long time for her baby and her happy end. The trouble is that Mr. Kramer, whose aim in film-making has hitherto been to make spare and stark, can't resist letting himself go "big." The enormous close-ups of faces here are quite pointless, the film is twice too long, and its possible merits are stifled in a surplus of sentimental plain-speaking. It seems to me that surgery, like war, lends itself too easily to blackmail—and boredom.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

LESSON FOR LABOUR

SIR,—Professor Cole feels that the lot of the working class has steadily improved in the Welfare capitalist State, and he sees no reason why it should not (or cannot) continue to do so in the future. He makes the point that the socio-economic functioning of society can yield just as much to the population in a capitalist State as in a Socialist State. At the same time Mr. Cole professes to be a Socialist (although not of the old-fashioned Marxist variety). On what then does his case for Socialism rest? He defends his preference by pointing out that "capitalism is evil because it is based on encouraging and strengthening the spirit of grab and acquisitiveness in men and is inconsistent with world-wide co-operation to make the best of world resources of means of production and of knowledge of their use."

In spite of this damning criticism Mr. Cole feels that there is "no tendency for capitalism to break down under the stress of its inner contradictions." There appears to be a contradiction between his view of the economic potentials of capitalism (and his predictions that flow from this view) and his criticism of its essential nature. How does Mr. Cole reconcile these two things? Although he makes no attempt to explain this apparent contradiction, it seems to me that his reasoning could proceed along two possible lines. He either feels that the criticism he levels against the capitalist system is not serious enough to produce its "breakdown under the stress of its inner contradictions" or that it is mainly of an ethical nature and thus has no direct consequences for the economic yield under capitalism. However, the seriousness of the consequences that would flow from Mr. Cole's criticism, if they were regarded as economic facts, makes it difficult to believe that he had the first alternative in mind. If, on the other hand, he regards his criticism as being only of an ethical nature that is not linked with the actual ability of the system to provide for people, we have then a curious separation of ethics and social function.

If Mr. Cole's criteria for his Socialist ethics does not stem from examining the socio-economic consequences of Socialism and capitalism, on what then is it based? Marxists claim that their ethical choices are based on an evaluation of their actual function and consequences for men living under specified social conditions. Those with religious convictions maintain that the ultimate sanction for ethics must be in a force greater than man. I am not clear what Mr. Cole's criteria are. Secondly, I feel that some of the conclusions of the article rest on a false separation of the individual and his society. Thus, Mr. Cole suggests that the Socialist appeal should be "to men as men and not as citizens of a particular country, to members of particular class or interest group." This suggestion stems from the view that one can separate "men as men" and men as functioning members of society (i.e., as members of a country, class, interest group, etc.). The quality that distinguishes man from other animals is not his "manness," but the fact that he is an active member of a complex socio-cultural system. It becomes quite meaningless for Mr. Cole to appeal to man except as a functioning member of society with the various roles he performs, unless he feels that those who would respond to the Socialist appeal are intellectuals who are somehow able to soar above their

position in society or he makes his appeal to some transcendental aspect of man's nature. Here again I am not clear exactly where and to whom Mr. Cole's appeal is directed.

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SOCIAL REALISM

SIR,—Mr. Berger writes so interestingly about painting that he almost convinces that he is right in his ideas.

On further reflection, however, one finds that there is a deal of falsity in his thesis. The young painters he so ably extols are not painting proletarian life, their own environment, their own reality, at all. The design and colour of the clothes displayed by Marks and Spencer are wondrous nowadays, and Duchesses are indistinguishable from nursemaids, and stockbrokers off duty pass as bricklayers.

Where does Mr. Berger dwell? Does he visit seaside towns or Midland cities, or is it his own North London attic mind that so clouds his vision?

Everywhere people today are contented with their life. The proletariat know nothing of Mr. Berger's dark and monotonous reality.

The young painters are painting in dull sordid colours because they are thinking in terms of tonality and not colour, in terms of drawing and fear brightness. They group together in bleakness.

There are other sets of young painters overlooked by Mr. Berger who are just as clever, just as élite. Mr. Berger is blinded by a literary, politico, moral view. He misleads only in so far as those who know little of present-day painting are convinced by his too-pungent pen. R. O. DUNLOP

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Barnham, Essex.

LIBERATED FRANCE

SIR,—Though only a tourist, with a keen interest in Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's "catalogued restaurants" and "evaluated wines," may I put on record that last Easter Day I was afflicted after six in the afternoon with a flat tyre in a small French township, and that the puncture was promptly mended by a mechanic, who came from a garage on his bicycle and changed the wheel? On the following day, a holiday in France, too, a mechanical breakdown held us up, again late in the afternoon, some three miles from the nearest town, to which I was driven by another motorist. Again a mechanic was available, took me back to the car, and, finding that the trouble had been put right by two roving *gendarmes*, did not even want to charge me for his trouble (and petrol) in coming out. If Mr. Taylor can match that experience on a Bank Holiday week-end in England, I'll eat my proverbial hat. DYNELEY HUSSEY

Hawksworth, Cheltenham.

MA COURAGE

SIR,—It is a pity that Mr. Worsley, an excellent critic and a great asset to your paper, has allowed himself to be prejudiced by what he imagines to be Brecht's politics. A better equivalent for Brecht's "Verfremdung" than "alienation" would be "detachment," and its object is simply to make the audience *think*, instead of losing itself in a cosy emotional thrill. It has nothing to do with Socialist realism; by Moscow standards it is formalist; indeed, it was foreshadowed by the unmentionable Meyerhold. Admittedly it sometimes covers what are mere personal quirks (such as the pseudo-cinematic subtitles which Miss Littlewood seems to have had read aloud). But it is not wrapped up in "complicated language": at least not by Brecht, who is perhaps the clearest, as well as the most pungent, of German writers today.

Why at any time an objection to war should be "special pleading," I cannot see. And the play was written before the 1939-45 war, when this attitude was hardly "no doubt obligatory" for Communists. (That, incidentally, is why its criticisms of war are not very acute.) The "excessively infantile blasphemy" also puzzles me: I can only imagine it to have lain in the translation or the production. It is certainly absurd to judge this playwright without reading the original text.

And it seems unjust to jeer at Brecht for being State-favoured. More than any British playwright he has suffered for his opinions; he threw up his youthful success in order to stick to them, and is hardly the man to take an opportunist line now. Where Mr. Worsley is right is in saying that his plays have got to be produced on the small scale, too; the magnificent productions with which he and his wife are associated must not be allowed to frighten us off them. There is a real danger at the moment that Brecht may be thought of as a theatrician to be emulated, not as a playwright to be performed. But his company are so good mainly because his plays have so convinced them. JOHN WILLETT

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Seine-Maritime.

ORIGINAL SIN ?

SIR,—My particular form of masochism is to pay ninepence per week to read Critic, but in his Moscow Diary he offered a new delight.

Do I understand him to assert that every inhabitant of Sweden "can have a house, a wood, and a fresh or salt water lake all to himself" since the Swedes are "so rich and untroubled with inequality" in their Capitalist Welfare State? My mind boggles at approximately ten million lakes and presumably the same number of country houses. "How prevent the country falling into mere selfishness and boredom?" Critic asks. I don't understand. Bored with what? Working the numerous sawmills and mines? Can I have this picture clear, please, for my ninepence? Do I understand that the miners and woodworkers lie languidly stretched for days before their individual country houses, in the intervals between swimming in their individual lakes? Are the mines and sawmills of Sweden now self-automated?

Of course if he is talking of some particular class that is a different matter, but then why ask whether Moscow can understand why some special class in a Capitalist country can become bored and selfish? The question is whether Critic can understand it. Perhaps he thinks that both it and my masochism are just original sin. HYMAN LEVY

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[Critic writes: "Professor Levy's arrows are always gaily flighted, but sometimes, as in this case, he shoots very wide of the mark. There are some 10,000 islands in the Stockholm archipelago, about 7,000 in salt water and 3,000 in fresh. They provide an ideal playground, with enough free and uninhabited islands for all comers of all classes. It had not occurred to me as necessary to add that only a minority actually own a dacha in Sweden, Russia, England, or, for that matter, in any country."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HEMINGWAY

SIR,—V. S. Pritchett asks why Hemingway left his native ground and settled in Europe. One answer could be that he felt he was getting to the centre of things—to the centre of the older western culture, and more important, to the central areas of social pressures and upheavals created by war, bringing him into direct contact with physical violence and its effects on the individual which he interpreted as a dominating fact of life in the twentieth century.

Europe concentrated the intense clash of men and ideas, soon to be played out on a world level, and to experience the clash, still remembered after the ideas are left behind, may have formed a vital part in his attempt to produce an uninhibited art, international in scope, and free from outworn tradition and literary pretension. If, in effect, V. S. Pritchett asks why Hemingway was in Europe fighting in the Spanish Civil War, the answer seems to be that there vital issues were being fought and vital things were happening to people. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* shows he penetrated through the politics to the real instincts beneath. Other great names like Malraux, Orwell, Spender and Koestler were in that foreign land also, and it may not be entirely coincidental that their work, like Hemingway's, has exerted such powerful influence on post-war generations, concerned with a fresh adjustment to the hideous evil and unbounded good inherent in modern man.

Any vivid quality in Hemingway's peace-time residence away from home must have paled before his experience of being blown up in Italy and elsewhere, and surprisingly V. S. Pritchett by-passes the effect of his terrible battle scars on his writing. Yet after the heavy war symbolism of his autobiographical *Across the River and Into the Trees*, it is surely no longer possible to ignore it. H. QUILLER

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HUYSMANS

SIR,—Dr. Starkie suggests that I lean heavily on Huysmans's autobiographical novels in telling the story of his life. This I certainly do when recounting the years up to 1871, but never without his authority for doing so, or, failing such authority, a cautionary note as on page 366. Thus, far from "admitting" that in *Sac au dos* "Huysmans related some invented episodes," I quote the novelist (page 366) as declaring that story to be an accurate account of his war-time experiences. As for the school records relating to Huysmans, which Dr. Starkie seems to suspect me of suppressing, I summarised them instead of citing them at length because I did not wish to burden my book with the marks obtained in various subjects over several years; these marks, incidentally, are reproduced in the early biography by Céard and Caldain.

The system of notes, which Dr. Starkie criticises, was devised to avoid a vast mass of repetitious references. Each note gives the name of the authority quoted, which is often all that the reader requires, together with any necessary comments; if the complete reference is required the reader has only to turn to the Bibliography. This may be "wasteful of time," but the Notes were not intended for readers in a hurry.

Dr. Starkie also complains that when I mention "an article" entitled *Emile Zola et l'Assommoir* "there is no mention of it in the relevant note" and that "only after it has been mentioned several times can it be tracked down." In fact, the articles (not article) in question are mentioned on only two occasions. On the first occasion I devote nearly a whole page to them, and the first "relevant note" (Chap. 5, n. 6) gives the dates of all four articles.

ROBERT BALDICK

HALLAM TENNYSON

SIR,—My friend Maurice Richardson, in his sympathetic review of Hallam Tennyson's *Saint On The March*, regrets that the author has been reticent about himself, and continues: "I gather he is an American." No—he is quite English, being the great-grandson of the poet

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Faustian Historian

How much European heresy owes to Switzerland, the refuge from orthodoxy throughout the centuries! The European reformers of the sixteenth century, the defeated republicans of seventeenth-century England and of nineteenth-century France all fled thither; Erasmus, Calvin, Rousseau, Gibbon, all challenged there the orthodoxy of their times; Voltaire, for his greater safety, encamped upon its frontier; and Mussolini, Nietzsche and Lenin all hatched there the violent doctrines which have since proved so terrible. These men have shaken our world. It was in Switzerland also that the shaking of it was foreseen most clearly. It was foreseen from two rooms above a baker's shop in Basel, by Nietzsche's university colleague Jacob Burckhardt, once regarded only as a historian of art, now recognised, thanks to his posthumously published lecture-notes and correspondence,* as one of the profoundest of historians.

Unlike most of the great thinkers who have written in Switzerland, Burckhardt was himself Swiss, and he drew from Switzerland part of his character. For Switzerland is not only a miniature cosmopolis, it is, more particularly, the meeting place of German and Italian culture. Through its passes German armies have passed constantly into Italy, Italian baroque art and ideas have penetrated into Austria and Bavaria. As a Swiss, Burckhardt was captivated alike by German and Italian culture. "It seemed to me at times," he wrote of a visit to Florence when he was twenty, "as if I were Faust, full to overflowing with yearning. . . . Before me lay the riches of nature and art, as though the Godhead had passed through the land like a sower, *Und alle Näh und alle Ferne befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust*"; and when he went to Germany to study under Ranke and Droysen, to that brilliant, intellectually re-awakened Germany of the 1840s which we are now so tempted to forget, he could pour out his enthusiasm like an authentic German nationalist. "What can I tell you about Germany?" he wrote to his sister.

> I am like Saul the son of Kish, who went out to look for lost asses and found a King's crown. I often want to kneel down before the sacred soil of Germany and thank God that my mother-tongue is German. I have Germany to thank for *everything!* . . . What a people! What a wonderful youth! What a land—a paradise.

"Now," he wrote to a German friend, "I recognise the embrace of our common great Fatherland which I, like most of my fellow Swiss, used to mock and repel. . . . I will make it my life's purpose to show the Swiss that they are Germans."

But Burckhardt did not in fact become a German nationalist. Closer study soon cured his enthusiasm. It is a great mistake, he afterwards wrote, to idealise the Emperor Frederick II, *Stupor Mundi*, who so dazzled the nationalists; and as for Wagner and his ideals, they seemed to him "utterly loathsome." Burckhardt saw through much of German erudition and remained a Swiss, and therefore a cosmopolitan. His great works—*The Age of Constantine* and *The Civilisation of the Renaissance*, the terminal fragments of a vast design—were about Italy and the Mediterranean, not the Barbarian North. Moreover, he was more than a Swiss: he was a Burckhardt: that is to say, an aristocrat in the oligarchical city of Basel where he had been born, to which he returned as a professor and in which he stayed, resisting even the call to succeed Ranke in Berlin. In the past, for over a century and a half, one of the two burgomasters of Basel had always been a Burckhardt; but his own lifetime saw the change. In 1833 the aristocracy preserved their rule in the city only by surrendering their authority over the surrounding country. In 1847 democracy triumphed in Basel, and with it a new Switzerland: the old patricians were submerged and Basel, the city of Erasmus and his printers, became the great, rich, materialist, industrial railway-junction which it has remained. It is tempting to ascribe to this social change another and fundamental element in Burckhardt's philosophy: his deep prophetic pessimism, his profound distrust of the masses. Like his great contemporary, Alexis de Tocqueville, he saw more clearly the price of democracy by being himself, in his family tradition and intellectual outlook, one of its victims: an aristocrat.

For if one looks for the heart of Burckhardt's philosophy, it always comes back to this: civilisation is a delicate and precarious thing which only an educated and perhaps unscrupulously self-preserving hierarchy can protect against the numerical revolt of the masses with their materialism, their indifference to liberty, their ready surrender to demagogic power; and the crises of civilisation consist in precisely that revolt of the masses which, however, can never prevail against the strength of conservative institutions unless it is aided from within by moral and intellectual decay. His "liberal" contemporaries welcomed the revolution: Burckhardt despised the easy, idiotic optimism with which they danced giddily on to the bandwagon heading for destruction. "We may all perish," he wrote as the portents accumulated before 1848, "but at least I want to discover the interest for which I am to perish, namely the old culture of Europe." After 1848, he felt, the triumph of materialism and the masses was assured; the educated classes had fooled themselves and betrayed their old ideals; numbers would now prevail; and the history of Europe was heading for "a fundamental change." One of those "general crises" had come in which, as in the last days of Rome "things can only be changed by ascetics, men who are independent of the enormously expensive life of the great cities. . . ." The sick civilisation of Europe could perhaps only be saved by a new generation of anchorites.

For the rest of his life, while lecturing on art and history in Basel, Burckhardt himself became something of an intellectual anchorite. From his "Archimedean point outside events" he studied the crisis of his time in its historical context. How few such crises there had been in the past! Throughout Antiquity there was no such "general crisis," no such "historical transition through the despotism of the masses" until the collapse of the Roman Empire: only then had the ruling classes lost control. At the Reformation a crisis could have been avoided—as it was by Henry VIII and the Counter-Reformation Princes who never admitted the masses to the mysteries of state. But now the crucial step had been taken and Burckhardt could only see, in the future, either "complete democracy" or "absolute lawless despotism." Possibly the architects of the new age would be great men: for single men had sometimes personified in themselves historical change; and he pointed to Genghiz Khan, who had converted a nomadic horde into an empire, and to Frederick the Great, whose iron will, in the years 1759-63, had "determined the course of all subsequent European history." More probably Europe would see bogus messiahs like Napoleon III and Boulanger, whom he so despised, or, far more dreadful, *Gewaltmenschen*, "the *terribles simplificateurs* who are going to descend upon poor old Europe" and to create, out of the blind assent of the masses, a hideous ideological tyranny. One thing was certain: they would not be the old legitimate dynasties "who are too soft-hearted."

> People do not like to imagine a world whose rulers ignore law, prosperity, enriching work, industry, credit, etc., and who rule with utter brutality. But these are the people into whose hands the world is being driven by the competition among all parties for the participation of the masses on any and every question.

Nor had Burckhardt any doubts in which country this portent would most formidably appear. It was in Germany, that once liberal Germany whose very soil he had worshipped as holy ground. "I have a presentiment that may now seem completely mad but yet will not leave me" he wrote to a German official: "the military state must become a large-scale industrialist . . . the development of a crafty and enduring tyranny is still in its infancy: it is in Germany that it will probably first grow to maturity."

Of course I have selected only one strand from the rich historical understanding which Burckhardt so casually entrusted to his lectures and his occasional correspondence. But it is pertinent to ask by what technique of historical study he was thus able to prophesy, as no other of his contemporaries, what then seemed "completely mad" but has since become so terribly true. The answer, I think, is twofold. First, he rejected the cramping systems which have imprisoned other "universal historians." Secondly, unlike them, he was a humanist.

For who are the other "universal historians" who have sought to compare civilisation with civilisation and prophesy the future by analogy with the Past? From Hegel to Toynbee we see the monstrous series, crushed beneath their useless armour of abstractions, like ancient cataphracts. For all his brilliant intuition, Marx, by his impersonal economic laws, never deduced the rise or even the possibility of Fascism; and what he did prophesy shows no sign of coming to pass. As a historian he is dead as mutton, or at least as dead as Orosius, Baronius and

* *The Letters of Jacob Burckhardt*. Translated and edited by ALEXANDER DRU. *Routledge*. 25s.

Bossuet. But Burckhardt, because he was a humanist, because he saw human behaviour not merely as a blind response to vast impersonal systems but as evidence of itself, of the variable causes and matter of history, was proof against such prodigious errors. "History," he once wrote, "is the most unscientific of all the sciences"; and he did not seek to make it scientific. "My poor head," he wrote to Nietzsche, "has never been capable of reflecting, even at a distance, as you are able to do, upon final causes, the aims and the desirability of history." Nor was he, like so many systematic theorists, secretly bewitched by mere power. All power, he believed, priestly or lay, was evil, and as for Nietzsche's supermen, he saw them as *flagella Dei*, scourges of God, "whose precise psychological construction I willingly leave to others, for it is a point on which one can be most astonishingly mistaken." Indeed one can.

Where then is the real evidence of human history to be found? Burckhardt answered that if man is the agent, not the mere dead matter of history, then his historical character must be revealed in his work, not in the neuter systems of which he is said to be the victim. In other words, human art, being the lasting expression of man's ideas at any time, is more valuable to the historian than abstract philosophical theories. I agree. What a flood of light can be shed on human motives, on the changing patterns of human thought in different ages, by art-history: by those wonderful volumes, for instance, of the late Emile Mâle! Marx assumed that men's motives were always the same; Toynbee assumes that they play no part in history which is a superhuman mechanical process. Burckhardt saw man as an artist, constantly varying the interrelation of his interests. He asked the same great questions as the other philosophers of history; but remembering that man was the measure of all things, he answered them differently. He did not write ten volumes on historical process: he wrote a great work on *The Civilisation of the Renaissance* and, in his lecture-notes and these letters, a few general observations on human history whose profundity has been emphasised, not diminished, by time.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Next Word

There, where at first the passion was
I made its place in you,
Our five white senses billowing
With every wind that blew,
Payed each small service to the ghost
Such animals may do;
And by their truthful nakedness,
Proved nakedness untrue.

Now that a second time the sky
Is heavy and blood-red,
The five warm breezes of the heart
Rise whistling from their bed.
But if I took my pencil up
And yet another time
Turned to the simple languages
In which two bodies rhyme,
Though every syllable came true
The ghost would go unfed,
Because it's seeking for a word
Which we have never said,
Where hunger comes into its own
And has no need for bread.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

The Great Monkey-Puzzle Tree

Apes, Angels, and Victorians. By WILLIAM IRVINE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21s.

"The question is," Disraeli once remarked, "is man an ape or an angel?" Looking at the intellectual scandal he referred to from a distance of some hundred years, we can see that the question is hardly pertinent: the opponents in the quarrel never ceased to be Victorians.

The substance of the quarrel, however, is still of great interest, and William Irvine has had a good idea in describing it through the lives of Darwin and Huxley. This two-headed biography is at once amusing, readable and admirably set out, though the author might sometimes have pointed his moral a little more sharply. Consider, for example, that famous scene where Soapy Sam, Bishop of Oxford, asked Huxley whether he claimed descent from a monkey on his father's or his mother's side. Many have botanised upon the grave of the Bishop's reputation, as Professor Irvine has done; but anthropology is surely the more appropriate discipline. The meeting at which the Bishop got his come-uppance was an oddly symbolic affair in which, like a primitive ritual, the mythological and social forces involved expressed themselves with rare exactitude. The Bishop, supported by minor clergy and ladies waving handkerchiefs, was the popular champion of the Establishment. It was typical that he knew nothing of the scientific facts in the case nor, regrettably, of the reality behind the theological ones: he was just out for a cheap victory. "The Lord," Huxley said, slapping his knee, "hath delivered him into my hands": and indeed there is no doubt which side of the argument He was on that time. But the irony of the phrase referred also to Huxley's fate, who once laughingly called himself "Bishop-eater." A knowledge of primitive ritual is again a help: one may see how it was that he came to incarnate some of the virtues and other attributes of those sacred morsels, not always to his advantage.

The other significant feature of the debate concerned Darwin: he wasn't there. He continued not to attend public meetings throughout his life, and so became something of a legend; and a similar absence can be noted in his books. This must have been partly due to the influence of a tyrannical father, which reduced him (as Professor Irvine says) "to an almost permanent posture of amiable and affectionate apology." He was always unremittingly cautious about declaring himself outright, and only felt safe when dealing with facts—"that grand fact about the extinct stag's horn worked by man!" as he once wrote. This very conscientiousness, however, proved to be one source of his strength; while another, perhaps, lay in the fact that he knew little about anatomy. He was instead a naturalist. Never, indeed, has there been such a naturalist—one who could see biological structure as a relation between animals, geography, and time. This, of course, was his great achievement, for though he spent eight years classifying barnacles (having found a Chilean one that fitted nowhere in the system until then accepted), his interest in natural design was less that of Cuvier than that of Paley: he was out to explain structure in terms of purpose.

Previous explanations on these lines had missed the mark, Paley having referred design to God, and Lamarck, to Will. Darwin referred it back to itself. Since all organisms are purposeful, there is bound to be competition between them: the fittest then survive and perpetuate themselves at the expense of the less fit. This syllogism, in a form much less crude, he condensed into the idea of natural selection which he thought of, not as a metaphysical principle, but as the effective action of biological structures in time. His most elegant demonstration of this was perhaps in his book on orchids, where he showed that their fantastic shapes, far from being a whimsy of the Creator, could only be understood in terms of their function; and that the variations in the design only made sense when viewed historically as the outcome of a selective process.

Darwin's view of evolution was thus that of a physiologist: he was treating animals and plants as organs within the organism of Nature. Huxley, on the other hand, tended to see evolution as an anatomist would, as the justification of systematics which immediately sprouted into family trees. This became a scandal immediately it was seen that what hung from the branches of Man's family tree was no longer an apple, but a monkey—and Huxley increasingly turned his brilliant gifts as a scientist to the defence of this unwelcome truth. It was in so doing that he first became episcopophagous.

Huxley had a powerful and combative mind, together with "a heroic but often negative and incredulous common-sense" which made it easy for him to attack religion, but difficult for him to understand it. It is indeed hard to distinguish the religious baby from its bathwater at the best of times, since the only way spiritual truth can express itself is through physical imagery: whence the unseemly battle between theology and science. Huxley, of course, delighted in the battle. Truth, to him, meant the confirmation of theory by observation; and by failing to understand the emotional values of the imagery he destroyed, he could in the end see nothing useful in religion but a system of ethics. He paid dearly enough for this mistake. From his youth he suffered from what he called his "blue devils," devils of melancholia which he first met in the form of frustrated vapourings. Now the vaporous side of man is one which cannot be ignored: it is an abyss that hard work can fence about, but never fill. Religion brings it under control by populating it: science, on the other hand, by pushing the cause of life away into the beginnings of time, or into matter, tends to

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deny it any creative significance, and makes it a fit place for devils to live in.

It was thus natural that Huxley should see Man's place in Nature as an achievement of will, and not of imagination. "The absolute justice of the system of things is as clear to me as any scientific fact," he declared, as Job might have done. What such a man is to do when, seated on the dunghill, the boils arrive, is a matter between him and his pride, that face devils put on in respectable company. Huxley, provoked into overwork, suffered several nervous breakdowns; and, though he always refused to lie, it is sad that he only managed to recover through exercises of righteousness—his controversy with Gladstone over the Gadarene swine is a good example. No wonder, therefore, that his view of the universe was honest, but profoundly pessimistic. "I know of no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity . . ." Evolution was thus put into the service of the Protestant cause, and became known by its all too Victorian name of Progress. Darwin steered clear of these matters and was, probably, a happier man than Huxley. He may have had a conscience, but the cosmos had no part in it: metaphysics made him ill.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Raw Meat

Les Délibérations du Conseil des Quatre. *Paris: Centre national de la récherche scientifique.* 2 vols. 3200 *frs.*

Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939. Third Series, Vol. VIII, 1938-1939. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER. *H.M.S.O.* 50*s.*

Survey of International Affairs, 1939-1946. The Realignment of Europe. Edited by ARNOLD TOYNBEE and VERONICA M. TOYNBEE. *Oxford.* 60*s.*

We are always being told that no records are left of the really important things in history; and the meetings of the Big Four at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 are quoted to prove it. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson and Orlando met in private, and made their decisions without formality. We shall never know what really happened. But not at all. Full records have been there all the time. Sir Maurice (now Lord) Hankey acted as secretary of the Big Four for part of the time; and his papers were published by the Americans years ago. The British Government also had a copy; but they apparently thought that it could not be published during the lifetime of Lloyd George. He has been dead ten years; British secrecy is still maintained. No matter. We now have something even better. Professor Paul Mantoux attended all the meetings as interpreter, and, with great foresight, recorded his notes for the benefit of the Quai d'Orsay every evening. They have now been published, and very good reading they make. The Big Four were talking with complete freedom, and Mantoux gives their talk just as it comes—vivid, rambling, convincing—a great improvement on Hankey's official rendering. We are a long way from Keynes's version of ignorant evil men. Instead we see high-minded statesmen, overwhelmed by their tasks but trying to do their best, trying above all to be fair.

They decided every disputed point in favour of Germany. The Saar; the left bank of the Rhine; Danzig; Silesia—in all these questions they devised settlements which, they believed, would lead to reconciliation. Lloyd George even said: "France would go to war for Alsace tomorrow. But should we go to war for Danzig?" Even on reparations they spent their time cutting down the demands of their expert advisers. The question which occupied them most was the Italian claim to Fiume; and, though they failed to achieve a satisfactory settlement, their policy compares favourably with the feeble shiftiness over Trieste of the peacemakers after the second war. There are endless fascinating details in these volumes. The whole story of peacemaking in 1919 will have to be re-written—a plum of a subject for some young historian of detached gifts. But he must not expect any encouragement from the British Government.

The latest volume of Foreign Office documents is small beer in comparison, not much more than a tidying-up operation. Volumes I to VII in the third series covered relations with Germany from the annexation of Austria to the outbreak of war in 1939. The two remaining volumes (of which this is the first) cover more or less the same period in the Far East. It is a story in a minor key. The British Government had no forces to spare. It balanced between provoking Japan on the one hand and discouraging China on the other, and somehow scraped through without disaster. There is nothing here to confirm the excuse sometimes peddled for the men of Munich that they were selling out in Europe in order to have their hands free against Japan. Their policy, if anything, was the reverse. But it would be truer to say that they had no policy one way or the other except to hope that the storms would somehow blow over. Here, too, a book will have to be written, digesting these documents and co-ordinating them with the information which the Americans—of course!—published years ago. It will make a dreary story.

The latest volume in the Chatham House survey of the war years is something between raw material and a digested narrative. Its theme is what happened in the conquered countries of Europe when the Germans went away—a theme which began as liberation and ended as partition, more or less disguised, between the two World Powers. Apart from an opening chapter on the work of U.N.R.R.A., the book deals with each country individually; the result is an encyclopaedia, not a narrative that can be read with pleasure. It is also odd, though perhaps inevitable, that Germany and Austria are left out, so that everything revolves round an obscure, unmentioned vacuum. On the other hand Professor Toynbee's introduction for once has some bearing on the volume he is introducing: no cosmic ravings, no Biblical quotations, instead a brilliant summing-up of the territorial and political changes which followed the war. He asks again the well-worn question why the Russians disrupted allied unity at the end of the war; thinks perhaps that Poland was the explanation; but, like everyone else—including perhaps the Russians?—confesses himself baffled. Mr. Toynbee is a skilful commentator on the contemporary scene when he can bring himself to put off his prophet's robe.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Schlurf

The Young Worker of To-day. By K. BEDNARIK. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Self-Portrait of Youth. By G. W. JORDAN and E. M. FISHER. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The young have always been wrong. Even in the Twenties, in the days of the youth cult—see Wyndham Lewis's *The Doom of Youth*—they were fattened, flattered and attacked because they were rebels. Today they are wrong because they listlessly undermine by appearing to conform. If they act upon society they are mad; if they fail to act they are spineless or corrupted. The young must get very tired of being called Youth and long for the time when they will have grown beyond the grasp of social therapists. The one point in favour of Mr. Bednarik, a Viennese writer on the subject, is that he at least understands that the young are formed by the society their elders have created; and the authors of *Self-Portrait of Youth* are at any rate doing practical work.

Who are the young? Mr. Bednarik sees them at the street corners, hanging around fun fairs and cinemas where "something is going on", talking about wrestling, sex, motor cycles, jazz,

fashion and gang-fights in "cinema-Latin" and wearing eccentric clothes. Mr. Jordan and Mrs. Fisher, who run an evening institute in a working-class area in London, confirm the portrait and would add that they sometimes run into larceny, jeer, break up furniture and alternate periods of worrying with outbursts of hooliganism. Everyone knows the shouts of bovine laughter that go up at the grim scenes in the films at a Saturday night or Sunday show. Their minds are full of the cinema and the jazz club. They are, in fact, very much like what we, who are middle-aged, were like when we were young. I recognise the hostile portrait and observe little difference between the talk and the behaviour of the "worker" and the educated or sheltered. One of the reasons for the immense attention to the young today is that their elders also are made unstable and bewildered by the world they live in. The bewilderment is not due to the fashionable groans—groaning being the easiest of our intellectual functions—about loss of faith; it is due to the outpacing drive of machines and techniques. To those who say the young are always the same, Mr. Bednarik would say that the technical and political revolutions have made them different.

His interest is the young Viennese worker. But who is the worker? "The development of the worker's life is no longer synonymous with the evolution of the—I almost wrote former! —political working-class movement." He is a-political man or, more exactly, he is a disinterested political passenger. The difference between the generations can be noted in those born after 1925, and, in central Europe, by 1943, a new non-political type could be detected. The older Socialists who were moved by a religious faith, who spoke and fought for Utopia, and who have succeeded in varying degrees everywhere in establishing some form of Welfare State, are shocked to discover that the young take it for granted, ignore it, exploit it, and are indifferent to sustaining or defending it. What was an ideal to the fathers is regarded as a racket by the sons, and the bureaucracies of managerial Socialism seem to them as mysterious and impenetrable as a surrounding jungle. Their role is to be the passive animal who can maintain a place in it by cunning and by the satisfactions and conspiracies of the life of small groups or gangs. They do their jobs in order to get the money to live in private worlds. Mr. Bednarik sees in the strange clothes of the Teddy Boy or the Austrian *schlurf* a symbol of the change. Fashion is serious. The Edwardian knut, the Bohemian dress of the Wandervögel of the Twenties, the uniforms of the Thirties, have their meanings; the habit of the *schlurf* marks the disappearance of political, religious and communal faith and the attempt, by exaggeration, to assert individual rights, the pursuit of private pleasure, elegance or inelegance and personal freedom—and in a purely nihilistic sense.

The century of ideology is over. The emancipated people wish to enjoy the fruits of their victory. The fact that technical society is intricately organised and reaches deep into private life makes the field of freedom small:

> Even the preference for neutral pastimes such as dancing points the same way; through them [the young workers] throw off the moral disciplines inherent in society and which, as everyone knows, can so easily destroy man's freedom. And so, once again, the life of pleasure proves to be the moral counterweight of the "mature" man who cannot forge his own freedom because circumstances do not permit him to do so.

This is where Mr. Bednarik is torn. He is a non-party writer who is, I would guess, an old Socialist. He at any rate began life as a skilled worker. We can agree with him readily if we regard managerial or bureaucratic Socialism extended to any limit, satisfying all demands upon the standard of living, as being Socialism as it was conceived to be. He believes religion is in the same case, because it also is an administrated ideology—a conception which seems to me as out of date as the idea of bureaucratic Socialism is. The freedom Mr. Bednarik speaks of, is not the freedom of Right Wing polemic. It is the pathetic freedom, the "freedom at zero," which is left at the end of the day's apathy in the manager's office and at the bench. His pessimism, I suppose, is that of the skilled worker who has found his skills, its satisfactions and privileges and even pay, supplanted by the machine. Some people return into empty or frustrated selves; most fall back on a culture which is primitive and he thinks that the dance and the jazz club, the popular films are things which have, very naturally and rightly, been created by the consumer and not by a cynical business world. He suggests, therefore, that we must accept the cult of pleasure as important and that it must somehow be led away from nihilism. Organisations are useless; over-organised people are hostile to them. Only by individual contacts, here and there, can a satisfying culture be built up.

With this view, Mr. J. P. Mayer, who introduces this interesting book, is in disagreement. Mr. Bednarik does seem to an English reader too schematic and he is arguing from central European material. The impulse behind British Socialism was evangelical, not Marxist. As for apathy, intellectuals are bad judges of mass pleasure. It runs to orgy. A motor coach load of people from my village went to Brighton for the day and did not leave the coach: they had gone not to see the sea but a good deal for the pleasure of the pub crawl across southern England that began at six o'clock. Peculiar, but in the serious matters of life they are balanced and sensible in their own concerns.

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The young in *Self-Portrait of Youth* are not related to the wider context, but it is plain that this mixed lot of adolescents who go to the "Grosvenor" are not hostile to organised help. They are touchy about it. If they don't get a new football they riot and march off to make trouble outside a cinema showing an 'X' film. But they do dance, they get keen on judo and debates. They paint, they model. Their gangs continue. Their crime record is not shocking, even if it is tiresome. They worry their way through their changeable emotions and eventually they grow up. They confirm Mr. Bednarik in his views about the gang protest in mass society. Is it possible that this desire to belong to small groups is an important protest against the mass organisations, the big unions, and so on, the rebellious beginning of the old doctrine of the withering away of the State? The machine age is protracting adolescence; and it is not surprising that Nature has its revenge. Messrs. Jordan and Fisher have collected some extraordinary material which will upset conventional views. Children from divided homes, for example, may suffer but they seem no more likely to go wrong than children from united homes. It depends on the individual—a platitude in which the long-suffering authors of this book fortunately believe in a practical way.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Renaissance Plodder

George Sandys: Poet-Adventurer. By RICHARD BEALE DAVIS. *Bodley Head.* 30*s.*

Romantic legend has long portrayed the Renaissance Englishman as a swaggering bravo, the master of eloquence and swordplay, the bearded embodiment of virility. So he remains—until we turn to the Holbein drawings, and the cold dry gaze of the Tudor gentry. George Sandys's father was one of those stone-eyed men—a Protestant academic, a Marian exile, later Archbishop of York. Twice married, with nine children, he attacked clerical celibacy and shrewdly multiplied the fruits of office. In doing so, he contracted a dynastic marriage for his son; and to this, in Mr. Davis's interpretation, are owing the travel-book and the translation of Ovid that support George Sandys's niche in the dictionaries of English literature. For by 1610 the marriage—a union of properties but a mixture of religions—had petered out into legal squabbles and permanent separation; while Sandys, like any Foreign Legion hero, had gone on his travels "to forget."

Such are only a few of the details that Mr. Davis's biography so scrupulously unearths. The family background, Oxford, the Middle Temple, marriage and its attendant lawsuits—all form a characteristic prelude to the Eastern tour which Sandys described in his *Relation of a Journey*. He set out for the Levant, through Paris and Venice to Smyrna; but there he changed his mind and made for Constantinople. This excited and impressed him as it has almost every visitor since Constantine; and, although much of his account came from literary sources traced by Mr. Davis, he added a great deal of his own, including a reference to "Coffa-houses" to be borrowed by Bacon and Burton. From Constantinople he went to Cairo and the Pyramids, where—airless in Giza—he crawled up the tunnel into the great tomb. In Jerusalem he was rooked by the Franciscans; in Rome he braved the Inquisition; in Malta he was nearly seduced. Surviving, he brought to maturity, as Mr. Davis puts it, the narrative form that led the way to Evelyn.

Sandys next appears, with others of his quarrelsome family, in the Virginia Company of London, whence his duties as Treasurer take him across to Jamestown in time for the Massacre. As an American, his biographer naturally dwells upon this phase of his career, trying to determine his views on colonialism, and revealing in numerous unpublished letters the ignorance, meanness and factious inefficiency that plagued the whole enterprise. At this point, biographical treatment shows its limitations: for the Massacre is "tea-tabled" almost into parenthesis in the manner of Mr. Forster, and the general significance of the tobacco trade, for instance, is sacrificed to a hot pursuit of Sandys's name through various unexciting documents. With some relief one emerges into an account of Sandys's poetry: his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into heroic couplets, his *Paraphrase upon the Psalms*, his *Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems*, his translation of Grotius's *Christus Patiens*, and his *Paraphrase upon the Song of Solomon*. All these were the work of his retirement in the 1620s, '30s and '40s, when he figured as a colonial expert and a scholarly, unfiery poet in London and in Falkland's circle at Great Tew. He died at Boxley, in Kent, in 1644. Apart from excessive awe at Great Tew's "rare assemblage" and "good talk," Mr. Davis describes these last years very sympathetically; and the bibliographical thoroughness with which he treats Sandys's writings replaces a critical appraisal that perhaps he is not equipped to make.

Dryden left two contrasting verdicts on Sandys's poetry. In the first, he declared that Sandys left Ovid prose where he found him verse: but in the second, based on a re-reading, he called him "the best versifier of the former age." Milton, Pope and Keats were among the many who praised or used him; and his smooth couplets form a minor landmark—for good or ill—in the history of prosody. At times he is quotable:

> . . . To Where the Morning with perfumed wings
> From the high Mountaines of Panchaea springs,
> To that New-found-out World, where sober Night
> Takes from th' Antipodes her silent flight;
> To those dark Seas, where horrid Winter reignes,
> And binds the stubborne Flouds in Icie chaines: . . .

But the bulk of his verse is pedestrian even in technique. As a prose-writer he is far more compelling: living when he did, he could scarcely fail to write attractively, if less grandly than the acknowledged masters; and in the *Relation* he had great things to tell. Yet, when all is said and done, Sandys remains a plodder—no many-sided man of the Renaissance, no Poet-Adventurer, but a talented minor figure saved from narrow mediocrity by the range and the high standards common in his day. In the two Sandys portraits by Cornelius Janssen, his eyes have his father's chill sad look; for all the splendour of beard and costume, he remains a cultured businessman in a lace collar. His detailed biography may not be an adventure-story; but it affords unequalled insight into the paradox of his age.

RICHARD MAYNE

New Novels

A Sign of the Times. By ROBERT KEE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Day of the Monkey. By DAVID KARP. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Capri Letters. By MARIO SOLDATI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Shiralee. By D'ARCY NILAND. *Angus & Robertson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Sign of the Times is the lightest, but perhaps the cleverest, of these four. It is an ambitious kind of book, very difficult indeed to bring off, a satirical fantasy with a dash of thriller, all taking place in the near future, so near that some of the predictions have to be checked with what has happened during the interval between writing and publication. Mr. Kee anticipates the great *détente*, the outbreak of peace, which we hope is now upon us, and, even though he prefaces it by a little Seven Day Atomic War, carries it further to an embarrassing pitch of Russo-American friendship. His principal invention is IGRAMP, the International Governmental Regroupment Agency for Maladjusted Persons, with headquarters at Geneva. His hero, Leo Trafford, is a middle-aged London journalist, "a maladjust due for rehabilitation" who refuses to go quietly. His escape from the net ends by making a *cause célèbre* on a par with the Burgess-Maclean affair. Leo's adventures are cross-cut with those of Arthur Crowther, IGRAMP'S Director of Co-ordination and Motion, himself woefully maladjusted; he murders a peacock and is blackmailed by a singularly repulsive and all too lifelike photographer. There is plenty of intellectual vitality, resulting in an atmosphere that reminds me, a little, of Belloc's political fantasies, and one excellent piece of characterisation: Broadstrop, the amiable, Oblomovian ineffectual, in whose studio Leo lodges. Defects? A certain diffusion of interest, especially in the first half of the book, between Leo and Crowther, London and Geneva, between, also, the ideas and the characters, which just prevents that essential integrated quality. I suspect, too, that Mr. Kee is inclined to be a little severe with himself, to eschew as unworthy some of the narrative devices by which story-tellers make reading easier. I wish he had given us much more dialogue; the little we get is admirable.

I did not read Mr. Karp's previous novel, *One*, a story about the future which was bracketed with Wells, Huxley, Orwell, and Koestler. *The Day of the Monkey*, though a well-enough written, thoughtful, moderately superior chunk of modern American (I assume) fiction, is certainly not all that distinguished. The action takes place in an unspecified Protectorate, somewhere in the East, though whether Near or Middle, I could not discover. (Why do novelists persist in these irritating obfuscations? Can they not realise that most of their readers are literal-minded persons who like to know exactly who is supposed to be doing precisely what, where, and when, to unmistakably whom?) The hero is Lysander Pellman, the liberal-minded Governor, who starts up a big love affair with Lisa Weiss, a central European Jewish refugee and former Communist. The great dilemma is provided by the local revolutionary nationalist party. Spurred on by a Communist agitator, they turn a slight case of

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sacrilege (copulation with a priestess—religion unspecified—on the altar) by a lieutenant in the occupation force into a pretext for a revolt. The brutishly stupid commandant obliges by arresting the tricky—and very nicely characterised—figure of Dr. Luba, the nationalist leader; the Governor catches it hot back home for conniving at his escape. There is any amount of conflict, political and emotional, at various levels, so much that I get an impression of deliberate contrivance, as if I were reading a Neapolitan ice—but a solid, satisfying and rather unexpectedly sexy one.

You might say that the theme of *The Capri Letters* is the inestimable boon of the contemporary Italian form, both male and female, to the hitherto inhibited Anglo-Saxon; but it would be an incomplete description. For despite an overtone of sustained, humourless, engine-whistle hysteria, that reminds me of D'Annunzio on the eve of a thunderstorm, there is plenty of depth in Signor Soldati's little tragedy. Motivation is mixed; there are religious as well as sexual urges, Roman Catholic ideology, several kinds of guilt. Harry Perkins, a young American, is physically captivated by Dorotea, an Italian prostitute whom he meets in Rome soon after the liberation. About the same time he meets Jane, a sympathetic compatriot, and: "I told myself that *it was my duty to find her attractive*." He marries Jane but the fascination of Dorotea persists and he takes up with her again. Later, he discovers that Jane has had an excruciating affair with Aldo, a toughish young Neapolitan at Capri. Jane's experience, told partly in the form of her letters to Aldo, which become the subject of a blackmailing sub-plot, is the more intense of the two. If it came right off, it would be a shattering masterpiece, but something is wrong somewhere. Signor Soldati's narrative, always in the first person, flows on with nineteenth-century eloquence and facility but the characters and their motivations are not convincing. The Americans remain dim and pale; their two Italians, his succuba and her incubus, are jerky sex-puppets. I get the feeling that he has sketched in all four to fit a framework of ideas, preconceived, perhaps, from the Kinsey reports, with the religion strung on to provide a third dimension. Even so, however synthetic the passion, this is a far more exciting novel than most.

The Shiralee is Australian sentimental picaresque. All about a tramp named Macaulay from the Sydney slums. After being deceived by his sluttish wife he takes to the road, trail, track or bush, and takes his small daughter, Buster, with him. He has a personality like a porcupine and his author intends him to cherish an inner Stoical integrity, like Seneca's diamond axis. The local colour is vivid; the Kiplingesque influence strong, readability quotient high. I get an impression of naive sincerity rather than cunning contrivance. Such a character is just conceivable in Australia.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Vichy: Political Dilemma. By PAUL FARMER. *Oxford: Columbia U.P.* 30*s*.

In France the period of Vichy is a special department of historical study, as much written about as, say, the Napoleonic empire. English writers have been more concerned with the Fourth Republic, though, as Clemenceau might have said, whatever period of modern French history you study, the story is much the same. An American historian, Dr. Farmer, has taken up Vichy at last; and comes out rather pleased with the discovery that Vichy was neither as bad nor as good as it has been painted.

A similar verdict may be passed on the book. It is sensibly written with a reasonable command of the principal sources; it is not too fair on the men of Vichy—nor too unfair either. It is also rather dull. None of it seems to matter. The arguments and disputes might be those at a parish council. And of course Dr. Farmer suggests that the French were switching from being a Great Power to something nearer the parish-council level. Still there was more drama in the affair than he makes out—more heroism on the one side, more villainy on the other. Dr. Farmer thinks that he is being scholarly when he is detached. But this too is a particular form of French attitudinising; and he has really been captured by an insidious French influence.

Racine and Poetic Tragedy. By EUGÈNE VINAVER. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

"From the heart of the work itself springs the principal reef for Racinian criticism: the difficulty of distinguishing between the poetic phenomenon and its borrowed accessories." It is this reef which Professor Vinaver pin-points with critical sensibility and exact scholarship as he follows Racine, "the worthiest craftsman of the regular theatre," in his search for "an art of tragic consciousness which reveals in the misfortune overwhelming man the faithful image of his condition." The conventions of Cornelian heroic tragedy, based on a misunderstanding of Aristotelian principles, had to be discarded. Racine explored "beyond Seneca even and Euripides" to rediscover "the canon of tragic beauty fixed by Sophocles." The movement was all towards *Phèdre* as he passed from the blind hero to the lucid hero, where the tragedy becomes immanent and the plot a "simple envelope." Beyond this there is only silence: "upon her descent to Hades . . . the suffering of Phèdre awaits her arrival and will never resolve or exhaust itself." It is this development in Racine which Professor Vinaver traces with extraordinary skill.

The taut and subtly cadenced language of the plays has always been a stumbling-block for English readers. Not the least merit of this little book is the way the Racinian verse is illuminated, not by analysis but by a "simple allegiance to the methods of the poet."

Sir Anthony Eden. By ALAN CAMPBELL-JOHNSON. *Hale.* 18*s*.

This painstaking and pedestrian biography serves a number of useful purposes. First, it provides a complete chronicle of Sir Anthony Eden's public life, from his first entry into Parliament until this year's general election campaign. The reader is spared most of the speeches, but every other wearisome detail is faithfully recorded. Secondly, it manages (without concealing Eden's very obvious limitations) to offer a credible explanation for the public affection and trust which he has attracted. Not gifted with more wit or imagination than very many of his political contemporaries, he is, nonetheless, immensely hard-working, earnestly conscientious, really expert in his specialised field, incapable of the hard word, and mistrustful of the hard thought. When all this is linked to a splendid appearance, an agreeable manner and an unrivalled command of noble platitude, his high place in popular esteem is explained. Thirdly, Mr. Campbell-Johnson—though his strength is in recording rather than evaluating—does succeed in showing clearly and frankly where Eden has stood in the successive phases of his career.

First given office by Baldwin, he probably felt more at home in that regime than ever since, until his own accession to Downing Street. His resignation from the Foreign Office—which appears quite different in quality from those of Lord Cranborne or, later, of Duff Cooper—seems to have been prompted more by his impossibly bad personal relations with Neville Chamberlain than by any implacable hostility to Fascism. Under Churchill he was content, harnessing good form to ambition, to play the crown prince, dutifully, competently, patiently, while the shadows—and the wrinkles—lengthened; conscious always, one would say, that in time he was bound to inherit, so long as he never made a blunder. And he never did. This biography is largely a rewrite (not merely a reissue) of a pre-war study of Eden by the same author. It has been brought right up to date; and both publisher and author are to be congratulated on its topicality.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,328

Set by L. Clarendon

The usual prizes are offered for a 12-line verse to a gentleman on a hot summer day, beginning "A sweet disorder in the dress" and ending "For the apparel oft proclaims the man". Entries by August 16.

Result of No. 1,325

Set by B. Mount

H. Crabb Robinson's diary for 1865 quotes this piece of "critical doggerel":

> A splendid muse of fiction hath Charles Dickens
> But now and then just as the interest thickens
> He stilts his pathos, and the reader sickens.

The usual prizes are offered for similar triplets on any *two* of the following writers: Ivy Compton-Burnett, Compton Mackenzie, Beatrix Potter, Angus Wilson, Enid Blyton, George Orwell, Michael Innes.

Report

It is true that, in setting this competition, I did not say in so many words that the rhymes in each triplet should be based on an author's name, but I feel that this was implied in the wording, and, indeed, most entrants followed the Dickensian model given. Those whose pieces of critical doggerel benefited from the freedom of a less-stringent rhyming scheme were, therefore, faulted without hesitation. This left a sizable entry, but, while a number of competitors winged their chosen authors with one barrel, only a few managed to score an unmistakable left and right hit.

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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REVIEWS

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NELSON

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Among the former, D. W. Barker deserves quotation as the only entrant attempting a rhyme on Angus Wilson (but his second line lets him down):

> The acrid and perverse talent of Angus Wilson
> Puts a wonderful show of unmixed minuets and quadrilles on.
> He excels in Socratic-interior-monologue with all the frills on.

Compton Mackenzie's, too, were infrequent. Perhaps Alberick epitomised this author's career most neatly:

> A London Scottish lad is C. Mackenzie.
> With liveliest and most versatile of pens he
> Leaps from West Ken. to Western Isles in frenzy.

Of the Beatrix Potters, I particularly liked B. M. Gibson's literary comparison:

> A writer much beloved is Beatrix Potter;
> We loved her when at first we could but totter,
> Now Kafka seems a better kind of plotter.

Enid Blyton was popular, but proved a more difficult target than Ivy Compton-Burnett. Apple Tree made a good shot at the former:

> Innocuous are the tales of Enid Blyton;
> Naught here, my pets, to smirch or scathe or frighten,
> Or for the little mind's sharp teeth to bite on.

And Jolyon Lea and D. Amanda were two sound critics of Miss Compton-Burnett's style:

> The plot *is* there in Ivy Compton-Burnett;
> I can't tell why so many people spurn it,
> The pleasure's greater when you work to earn it!
> (Jolyon Lea)
>
> The novels of Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett
> Take quite a normal family and turn it
> Into Hell, for children who discern it
> (D. Amanda)

None of the above, however, had more than one good shot in the locker. It remained for Allan M. Laing to handle his double-barrelled weapon with most adroitness and with unerring aim. I suggest that he is rewarded with two guineas; a guinea and a half each to P. M. and Edward Blishen for good marksmanship; and consolation prizes of half a guinea each to R. B. Hatfield and J. B. Smith. Outers were scored by B. M. Gibson, Alberick and Guy Kendall.

1. Pour conversation in a book: to churn it
   Set greybeards and precocious babes to turn it;
   Thus life's best butter comes—from Compton-Burnett.
2. Here is a don who writes crime yarns for guineas,
   Which travelling bishops clutch to portly pinnies:
   Half-ashamed, he swears the author's Michael Innes.
   ALLAN M. LAING

1. A taste like caviare, Miss Compton-Burnett,
   For some too salt—or "fishy," so they spurn it—
   But how it keeps you nibbling when you learn it!
2. We loved these little tales, this gentle Potter
   Pourri, like faded flowers in a blotter—
   The modern child prefers his fiction hotter.
   P. M.

1. The perhaps rather pallid works of Enid Blyton
   Are not of a type to rear the sort of mite on
   Who likes what he daren't read without the light on.
2. You will discover in the earlier works of George Orwell
   That he wished mankind (especially the poor) well.
   But when he came to write *1984*. . . . Well!
   EDWARD BLISHEN

1. A heavy sense of duty had George Orwell
   In writing down for others what he saw well;
   But if he's right in 1984—Hell!
2. When we were young we loved our Beatrix Potter—
   Her Peter helped us when we learnt to totter;
   Alas! that we should now need something hotter!
   R. B. HATFIELD

1. I don't admire the works of Enid Blyton
   Because, although our children's lives they brighten,
   They only entertain, and don't enlighten.
2. I fear that younger readers of George Orwell,
   Especially of *1984*, will
   Experience the future he foresaw well.
   J. B. SMITH

The Chess Board

No. 305 Change of Fortune

In real life one may bear it with stoical fortitude, but in chess it may well be fatal not to recognise some sudden positional change by instant reaction. It is precisely this rarely failing judgment of a position's possibilities and limitations that is the hallmark of a master; but even grandmasters are not infallible and, like the rest of us, may find it irksome to realise that a win is slipping away and that, having gone all out for the kill they really ought to fight for a draw. Such was the fate of Pirc in his game against Golombek at the recent Hamburg tournament, and if as shrewd a judge as Sämisch calls Golombek's play in the decisive stage "like Smyslov at his best," this is high praise indeed. I think it is merited, and while comparing some of Sämisch's prodigious comments (in *Caissa*) with Golombek's own notes (in the B.C.M.) we can but wait to hear what Pirc may have to say about it.

(1) P-QB4	P-K4	(5) P-Q3	P-B3
(2) Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(6) Kt-B3	B-K2
(3) P-KKt3	P-KB4	(7) O-O	O-O
(4) B-Kt2	Kt-KB3	(8) P-QKt4	Kt-K1

While Golombek (who played White) merely points out that it is characteristic in the English Opening to seek strength on White's white and Black's black squares respectively, Sämisch has doubts about the security of Black's P-centre; he criticises the retreat of the Kt and thinks, (8) . . . K-R1, followed by B-K3 and QKt-Q2 was preferable.

(9) B-Kt2	B-B3	(14) P x P	P x P
(10) R-Kt1	B-K3	(15) Q-R4	Kt-B4
(11) P-Kt5	Kt-Q2	(16) Q-R3	R(2)-B2
(12) Kt-Q2	R-B1	(17) Kt-R4	Kt-Kt2
(13) B-QR1	R-KB2	(18) Kt-QB3	Q-Q2

Sämisch points out that (18) B x BP, R x B, (19) R x Kt would have been refuted by R-QR3, (20) Q-Kt3, P-Q4. Both commentators praise Black's P-sacrifice for the sake of initiative in the centre. Sämisch adds that Golombek's refusal to accept the bait would have been tantamount to admitting the futility of his Q-wing attack.

(19) Q x RP	Kt-B4	(23) P-K3	P x P
(20) Q-R3	R-R2	(24) P x P	B x P
(21) Q-B1	P-Q4	(25) R-Q1	Q-KB2
(22) Kt-Kt3	Kt-Kt2	(26) P-K4	Kt(2)-Q3

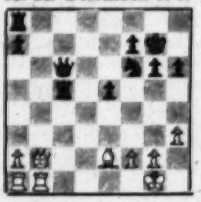
Sämisch praises White's (23) and (26), and the way he broke the Black P-centre by his timely and unrefusable counter-sacrifice.

(27) P x P	Kt x P	(30) Q-K3	Kt-Q3
(28) B-B1	B x B	(31) P-B4	Kt(3)-B4
(29) R x B	Kt-Q5	(32) Q-Q3	Q-Kt3

Sämisch is full of praise for White (28) and (31), but Golombek calls B-B1 merely a "sad necessity" so as to counter (28) . . . R x P, (29) Kt x R, B x Kt by R x B, etc. Golombek thinks his opponent, at this turning point, should have played (31) . . . P x P, (32) Q x P, Kt(3)-Kt4, but Sämisch points to the refutation (33) Q-Kt4! He also thinks Pirc should have played (30) . . . Kt-B7, to get rid of the White QB. Actually he went to his doom by overrating his position. The game concluded

(33) P x P	B x P	(36) Kt x B ch	P x Kt
(34) QR-K1	B-B3	(37) Q x Kt ch	R-B2
(35) Kt-K4!	Kt x Kt	(38) Q-K6	Kt-K2
		(39) R x P	Q-R4
		(40) R x R	Q x R
		(41) Q x Kt	resigns.

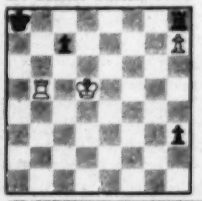
A: H. Golombek 1947



In the 4-pointer for beginners White blundered by Q-Kt7. How was he forced to resign in a few moves. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both draws.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 15.

B: Henri Rinck 1938



C: T. B. Gorgiev 1936

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 302. Set July 16

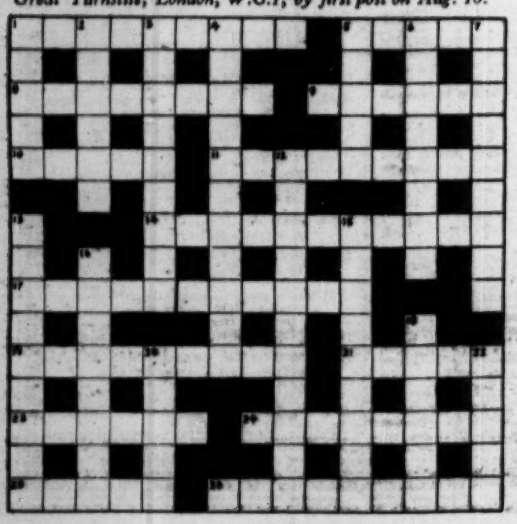
A: (1) Q-B2, Q x Q stalemate.
B: (1) P-R6, P x P. (2) K-B3 ch, K any. (3) R-QKt2(QR2) ch, K x R. (4) K-Kt2, etc.
C: (1) Kt-QB6, P-Kt7. (2) K-Kt6!! (K-Kt7?), P queens (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-B1. (4) Kt-Q7 ch, K-Kt1. (5) Kt-B6 ch K-R1. (6) Kt-K5!, Q-QKt8 ch. (7) K-R6, Q-KR8 ch. (8) K-Kt6, etc.

I cannot rate **C** in the ladder, not even for the three who spotted the unfortunate error and found the difficult solution too. It is, of course, a draw. Being good guessers no less than good solvers, D. E. Cohen, J. Ernest, and J. R. Harman share the 1st prize, the consolation prize being shared by K. Beaumont and M. Kaye.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 164

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 164, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 16.



ACROSS

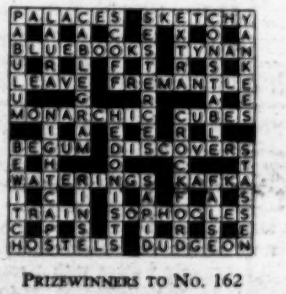
1. Killings when a Spanish hero follows me inside houses (9).
5. A big stick for employees (5).
8. To tear a fabric with value (8).
9. The parent has a word with the girl (6).
10. "A rarer spirit never Did —— humanity" (*Antony and Cleopatra*) (5).
11. Act for, making the theatre take ill (9).
14. Animals from which one may get a ride in airfields (11).
17. Confused Whips repeat government statements (5, 6).
19. Place on the coast where there is extreme steepness (9).
21. Entangle a composer (5).
23. Range of notes possessed by the 18 (6).
24. Gathers for prayers (8).
25. Stony broke cricketer (5).
26. Sad secret a philosopher may discover (9).

DOWN

1. Parts of ships in which the port comes over the south (5).
2. "Smiles in such a sort, As if he —— himself" (*Julius Caesar*) (6).
3. Ammunition for the vehicle on top of the hill-crest (9).
4. Nothing reiterated has to get worse (11).
5. Put in a word for a radiator (5).
6. In the low story he is about fifty, but vigorous (8).
7. Sample of a street needing rebuilding (9).
12. Claims for the retired in the money they receive (11).
13. Resort which is frequently the most vulgar? (9).
15. Conservative wiles turned up inter alia in this country (9).
16. Good favourite set-up for lab equipment (8).
18. See 23 (6).
20. The bird to prey (5).
22. Enrols for combat (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 162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Cedric Hirson (London, N.W.3.)
Miss Eleanor Barraclough (Leeds),
Miss J. M. Roberts (London, N.5.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

VICTORIA University College, University of New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in Comparative Social Administration, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. Applicants must have suitable academic qualifications and previous research in the fields of the Lectureship would be an advantage. Knowledge of Social Administration and services in Asian Countries would be considered a recommendation. Experience in administration, if additional to suitable academic qualifications, would also be an advantage. The salary will be £911 7s. per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,061 7s. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. (University salaries are at the present moment the subject of discussion between the University Grants Committee and the Government.) An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Duties to commence November 1, 1955, or such other date as may be agreed upon by the College Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 1, 1955.

MAKERERE College, The University College of East Africa. Department of Extra Mural Studies. Applications are invited for post of Resident Tutor in Western Kenya, to develop Extra Mural work in new area. Salary scale £960 × £36 to £1,032 by £42 to £1,158 by £48 to £1,350 by £54 to £1,404 p.a. or £816 by £36 to £924 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Temporary cost-of-living allowance 10% of salary. F.S.S.U. Child allowance £50 per child (maximum £150 p.a.). Part-furnished quarters at low controlled rental or housing allowance in lieu of quarters. Free passages for appointee and family (up to four adult passages) on appointment, termination and leave (three months every two years). Applications (six copies) giving full qualifications and experience and naming three referees to be received as soon as possible by the Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 1, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MINISTRY of Education: Museum Assistants, Victoria and Albert Museum. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for ten posts. Age at least 16 on June 1, 1955. Candidates should normally have School Certificate or General Certificate of Education, or Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent, with qualification in an Arts subject. Appointment may be to the unestablished grade with establishment after not more than two years, or direct to an established post in certain cases. Salary: Unestablished—£227 (age 16) to £502 (men) or £446 (women). Established—£262 (age 18) to £545 (men) or £469 (women). Starting salary according to age, up to £402 (men) or £362 (women) at age 25 or over. Women's salaries being improved under equal pay scheme. Application forms from Sec., Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 143-144/55, to be returned by August 18, 1955.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the following posts in the Department of Economics: (i) Temporary Research Assistant to assist with research on the structure of property and property ownership in post-war Great Britain. (ii) Temporary Tutor. Salary for each post will be between £400 and £500 per annum according to qualifications and experience. The appointments will be for one year in the first instance and may be renewed for a second year. Applications should be sent by August 15, 1955, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social workers, men and women, for the extension of its intensive casework with Problem Families. Resident and non-resident. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Training provided. Units at present operating in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Bradford, York, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London. Further details: 25 St. Mary's Grove, London N.1.

SOCIAL Worker, trained, full-time, required by voluntary organisation concerned with welfare conditions amongst elderly people in Edinburgh. Salary not below £400. Apply before August 15 stating qualifications to Box 3884, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

JUNIOR Research Assistant required at Child Study Centre, 41 Brunswick Square, W.C.1 (A University Department). Salary £375-£400; tenable for one year, with possibility of extension. Duties: mainly analysis of data on child development, computing; possibly some interviewing or child observation. Apply by August 15 with names of two referees.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require six Assistant District Joint Advisory Council Secretaries. In London (2), Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester and Middlesbrough. The advisory councils are the joint consultative bodies concerned with maintaining and developing good human relations and promoting efficiency in the Electricity Supply Industry. Applicants should have knowledge of industrial relations, particularly those aspects related to safety, health, welfare, education, training and productivity. Those appointed will be responsible to the D.J.A.C. Secretaries for all matters of joint consultation at district and local level. One appointment in N.J.C. Grade 8, £960-£1,080, the others in Grade 7, £870-£960 p.a. Applications stating age and details of qualifications and experience to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winskey St., W.1, by August 19, 1955. Quote Ref.: A.E./646.

B.B.C. requires Designer for Television, North Region, based Manchester. Essential qualifications: experience of design work in films or theatre, quick and accurate drafting, knowledge of scenery construction and handling of contracts, creative ability of high standard. Television design experience preferred. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 1017c, N.Stm.) within 5 days.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Nuffield Research Unit. Applications are invited from graduates and others with suitable qualifications and/or experience, interested in social research, for temporary appointment as interviewers for a period of approximately three months from September 1. The work will be undertaken in the following areas: London and Middlesex, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, West Riding of Yorkshire, Manchester, Sussex, Devon and Cornwall. Applicants must be prepared to travel locally; possession of a car would be an advantage. Payment will be made at the rate of £600 per annum and allowances for travel and subsistence. Applications, including particulars of age, sex, qualifications and experience should reach the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1, not later than ten days from the appearance of this advertisement.

BRISTOL Social Project proposes to appoint a group-worker, with initiative and imagination, to work with adults and children and to assist and develop local groups on Bristol housing estate. Practical work will be combined with observation and research as member of the team. Salary £700 p.a. Applications from teachers welcomed and superannuation payments continued during tenure of appointment. Applications should be received not later than August 31. Full details from Sec., Bristol Social Project, 4 Berkeley Square, Bristol, 8.

APPLICATIONS are invited to fill a vacancy on our Organising Staff; Northern England. Initiative and good personality essential. T.U. background an asset. Minimum commencing salary £520 p.a., higher if qualifications warrant. Write for application form: National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., London, S.W.1.

APPEALS Organiser—Vacancy for woman to work in the Richmond and Kingston area on behalf of well-known Charity. Previous experience desirable. Commencing salary £520 with prospects. Apply in writing with full particulars. Box 8920.

REQUIRED: A Temporary General Assistant to the Warden & Caterer at the Devonshire Street Club (National Assoc. of Mixed Clubs & Girls' Clubs). Pref. 20-30. Interest in yng. people essent. Salary £200 p.a. Apply Sec., 29 Devonshire St., W.1

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1, temporary tel. TER. 9124. Posts avail. include housekeeper (private house Oxford), matron-housekeeper, assistant house-mistress, assistant matrons in schools. Cook for large London school, School secy.

REALLY quick accurate Shorthand-typist wanted by Nat. Assn. for Paralysed, 1, York St., Baker St., WELbeck 8373.

SHORTHAND-Typist — intelligent. Architect's office. W.C.1 area. Hours 9.30-6. No Saturdays. Good salary. Box 8919.

TEMPORARY employment during vacations in Lyons Teashops is offered. Young men or women are invited to apply to Staff Engagement Office, 2B Granville Place, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

CLERKS (ap to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

SHORTHAND-Typist required by Textile Manufacturers. Good salary. Canteen. Please reply Box 8905.

COOK/Housekeeper wanted by small social service organisation Kensington. Weekends free. 4 weeks' annual leave. Resident pref. Salary by arrangement. Reply Family Service Unit, 36 Colville Terrace, W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WOODWORK teacher/maintenance man (resident) for country school for maladjusted children. Also vacancy for teacher, general subjects (either sex). Children 9-15. Write C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, N.W.8.

OLD-Established Publishers require sec.-shorthand typist. No Sats. Box 8974.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG Ger. Kindgtn. teacher shs. post nanny Eng. fam. from Oct. 15. Pastor Rothacker, Hamburg-Berne, Berner Allee 70.

AMBITIOUS yng. woman, all-round Edit. exp. seeks responsible post. Box 8895.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £250 or £300 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the Degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than September 7, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

MAIDA Vale district. Furn. rooms, 1st flr. flat. Use kit. & bath. Tel. Suit 2 prof./bus. friends. Refs. rqd. Box 8893.

45s. Newly furn. divan-rms. H.C. Bkfst. opt. Fine rsdntl. house. TUD. 6713.

2 LARGE bright rooms furnished, all facilities. Pleasant quiet house, agreeable neighbourhood, suit 1 student or business person. Reasonable rent. 'Phone FIN. 0358.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Reasonable. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

LITERARY woman reqs. 2 unfurn. or semi-furn. rooms, k. & b., London. Cd. give occas. help, sec., cook, baby-sit. Box 8802.

STUDENT wants room in quiet area. Cooking facs. and washbasin. Box 8922.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

TO let: S/C. 6-roomed upper maisonette, congenial furn. by academic owners, £450 p.a. Overlooks beautiful gardens. 300 yds. Earl's Court Station. Box 8898.

NEW Contemporary furn. top flat, 2 rooms, kitchen & bath. Close Golders Green Stn. £7 7s. incl. c.h.w. Box 8918.

LOVELY situation edge New Forest, Ringwood. Individual character. 3 living-, 5 bedrooms, large attic, usual offices, outbuildings, mains, gas, water, elec., 2 acres well-stocked garden, orchard. £5,250; option other 2 acres & garages. Box 8785.

DOCTOR requires simple furnished or unfurnished cottage to let, Home Counties, or near sea. Accessible London. Box 8978.

YOUNG female journalist returning from abroad early September reqs. small pleasant 2-3 rm. flat moderately central, pref. unfurn. Box 8845.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

INSTITUTIONAL, diplomatic, scholastic or similar use. Kensington. Spacious freehold property in wide, dignified thoroughfare close Kensington Gardens. 25 main rooms, some very large. Totalling over 8,000 sq. ft. Enquiries to Box 8908.

ST. John's Wood—luxury flats for sale. Central heating, constant hot water. From 2 to 5 rooms. Prices, on 99 year leases, from £2,000. 75 per cent. mortgages. Garages available. Box 8782.

AUTHOR'S detached 17th century house, 3 bed., 2 recep., kit., bath., garage. 1 acre. £1,450. Cooper, Willow House, Thelnetham, Diss, Norfolk.

ALDEBURGH. Cottage for sale. Living-rm., 2 bedrms., kit. bathrm. Box 8881.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All b'rooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

SEPTEMBER in the Lake District. A few vacancies left at 7gns. per week inclusive. Hassness Hotel, Buttermere, Cumberland. Tel. Buttermere 209.

BEXHILL—Country hse. nr. sea, children welcome, terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House on the old-world Green of this famous seaside village. Sea, cliffs, downs. Hotel with friendly atmosphere, sunny rooms, first-rate food. Booking now for September 17 onwards. 8 and 9gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Proprietor: D. Chapman, M.P.

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House, on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food; home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Continental Holiday now midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Few vacancies Aug.-Sept. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath. Sun-bathing. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. TV lounge. Billiards, table tennis. Children's room. Golf (Rock). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. 11gns. except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Walne-wright. Port Isaac 234.

WEEK-ENDS & longer. Private hotel overlooking sea. Near country. Own produce. Reasonable inclusive charges. Restful friendly atmosphere. "May Lodge," Marine Road, Walmer, S.E. Kent.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms., 200 yds. sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7gns. Summer 7½-9gns.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Nature-lovers welcomed: historic house, woods, lakes, own farm; modern amenities; sea near. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

BEACONSFIELD. Old Jordans Hostel. Quaker Guest House. In beautiful quiet Buckinghamshire countryside. Why spend money and time on long railway journeys?

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Small mod. Pension facing sea. H. & c., good ckg. (No Aug. vacs.) Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TORY M.P. 1955," 6d. (7½d. post free); "Labour Research"—August; Trinidad Oil Wages; Coal Price Boost; Housing Down; I.C.I., 9d. (10½d. post free), 10s. 6d. p.a.; 2 Soho Square, W.1.

AUGUST Labour Monthly. "Geneva and After," R.P.D.; "The Right to Strike," Arthur Horner; "Labour Re-thinkers," James Klugmann; Unpub. Letters of Frederick Engels, 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yrly. sub. from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & R. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Mannerysmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

MISCELLANEOUS

PICTURES for sale. Several exceptional bargains currently available. Signed original works by really top artists (British School), v. low prices. List from Box 8344.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

TECHNICAL Research Service. Scientific, Literary Consultants. Specialists research recondite subjects. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fleetag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 1s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), St. Su. 5 & 8. Waiting for Godot. Mems.

UNITY: We're on holiday, too, this week-end and next (August 7 and 14). Re-opening Friday, Aug. 19, with "Peacenea!." 'Phone EUS. 5391. Mems.

"MADAME Butterfly"—Royal Festival Hall. New Film Version in Technicolor. Actors Takarazuka School & Stars, Chorus & Orch. Royal Opera House, Rome. Suns. Aug. 7, 14, 21, at 4.30 & 7.30.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 7: "The Conquest of Everest" (U). Aug. 8: "Cry, The Beloved Country" (A). Aug. 11: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Open to public Sat., Aug. 6. Judy Holliday in "Born Yesterday" (A). Dir.: George Cukor. 2, 4, 6, 8.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. B.B.C. presents 61st Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior, Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.30-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Paintings by Singapore Artists until Aug. 21. Wkdys. 10-4.30. Sats. 10-5. Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Chinese Scroll Paintings by David Kwok. Wkdays. 10-4.30. Suns. 2.30-6. Extended to Aug. 21. Daily demonstrations by artist. Adm. free.

FOUR French Realists. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings by André Minaux, Ginette Rapp, Roger Montané, Jean Vinay. Tate Gallery. Till Sept. 4, week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Free.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Northampton Group until Aug. 20.

WOOLLANDS of Knightsbridge, S.W.1., have pleasure in presenting an Exhibition of selected work by the Royal College of Art in ceramics, silver, glass, and other branches of industrial design. From August 8-27, in the Modern Interiors on 3rd floor.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Some French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Summer Exhib. British & French Artists.

MODERN Furniture and Furnishings for Bed-sitting Room by well-known designers. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1955. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes Aug. 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn.. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondriaan, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Opens August 6. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Young Sculptors. Opening Fri., Aug. 12. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6. Sat. until 1. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. August 13 at 6 p.m. M. Claude le Saché: (Alliance Française) "Les armes secrètes du cinéma (cinemascope cinérama, etc.)."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lecture, Sun., 8 p.m. August 7: "Can the Dead Communicate?"

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., Aug. 11, 7.30: "Preliminaries to Spiritual Disciplines." On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE Labour Movement—What Next?" A National Conference called by the Daily Worker. Shoreditch Town Hall, Sat., Sept. 17, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. All Trade Union, Labour Party and Co-operative Organisations invited to send delegates. Details from Conference Sec., Daily Worker, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

YOGA. Sri Yogiraj Edward Hain, M.A., recently returned from Sivananda Ashram, Rishikesh, Himalayas, will conduct a Basic Course of 12 lessons in Yoga on consecutive Thursday evenings from 6.30 to 7.20 p.m. starting Sept. 22, 1955. Apply for prospectus and terms to The Secretary, Y.P.S. School, 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. (Office closed Aug. 27-Sept. 11.)

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ABSORBINGLY interesting career for young men and women ambitious to succeed. Stenotyping (machine shorthand), quickly and easily learnt, is increasingly favoured by business houses, law courts, Government bodies, international organisations, etc. Good immediate remuneration and status. Demand for stenotypists now exceeds supply. Write or 'phone for prospectus of day and evening courses or call for demonstration. Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, W.C.1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162.

LANGUAGE problem solved. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1. WELbeck 1411.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

SECRETARIAL Training Fees. Londoners £28 per annum (under 18 free). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GULliver 1154.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

WHY not a week-end at the Fabian Frensham Heights Summer School? Also full week August 13-20. George Mikes and nine others will lecture. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

A "FOREIGN" Holiday in Britain. Enjoy a house party holiday in international atmosphere and improve your French, German or Spanish. Sussex, Wales or Cornwall. August/September. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age," Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

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